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ENID.



## ENID.



THE brave Geraint, a knight of Arthur's court,  
A tributary prince of Devon, one  
Of that great order of the Table Round,  
Had wedded Enid, Yniol's only child,  
And loved her, as he loved the light of Heaven.  
And as the light of Heaven varies, now  
At sunrise, now at sunset, now by night  
With moon and trembling stars, so loved Geraint  
To make her beauty vary day by day,  
In crimsons and in purples and in gems.  
And Enid, but to please her husband's eye,  
Who first had found and loved her in a state  
Of broken fortunes, daily fronted him

In some fresh splendour ; and the Queen herself,  
Grateful to Prince Geraint for service done,  
Loved her, and often with her own white hands  
Array'd and deck'd her, as the loveliest,  
Next after her own self, in all the court.  
And Enid loved the Queen, and with true heart  
Adored her, as the stateliest and the best  
And loveliest of all women upon earth.  
And seeing them so tender and so close,  
Long in their common love rejoiced Geraint.  
But when a rumour rose about the Queen,  
Touching her guilty love for Lancelot,  
Tho' yet there lived no proof, nor yet was heard  
The world's loud whisper breaking into storm,  
Not less Geraint believed it ; and there fell  
A horror on him, lest his gentle wife,  
Thro' that great tenderness for Guinevere,  
Had suffer'd, or should suffer any taint  
In nature : wherefore going to the king,  
He made this pretext, that his pryncedom lay

Close on the borders of a territory,  
Wherein were bandit earls, and caitiff knights,  
Assassins, and all flyers from the hand  
Of Justice, and whatever loathes a law :  
And therefore, till the king himself should please  
To cleanse this common sewer of all his realm,  
He craved a fair permission to depart,  
And there defend his marches ; and the king  
Mused for a little on his plea, but, last,  
Allowing it, the Prince and Enid rode.  
And fifty knights rode with them, to the shores  
Of Severn, and they past to their own land ;  
Where, thinking, that if ever yet was wife  
True to her lord, mine shall be so to me,  
He compass'd her with sweet observances  
And worship, never leaving her, and grew  
Forgetful of his promise to the king.  
Forgetful of the falcon and the hunt,  
Forgetful of the tilt and tournament,  
Forgetful of his glory and his name,

Forgetful of his pryncedom and its cares.  
And this forgetfulness was hateful to her.  
And by and by the people, when they met  
In twos and threes, or fuller companies,  
Began to scoff and jeer and babble of him  
As of a prince whose manhood was all gone,  
And molten down in mere uxoriousness.  
And this she gather'd from the people's eyes :  
This too the women who attired her head,  
To please her, dwelling on his boundless love,  
Told Enid, and they sadden'd her the more :  
And day by day she thought to tell Geraint,  
But could not out of bashful delicacy ;  
While he that watch'd her sadden, was the more  
Suspicious that her nature had a taint.

At last, it chanced that on a summer morn  
(They sleeping each by other) the new sun  
Beat thro' the blindless casement of the room,  
And heated the strong warrior in his dreams ;



Who, moving, cast the coverlet aside,  
And bared the knotted column of his throat,  
The massive square of his heroic breast,  
And arms on which the standing muscle sloped,  
As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone,  
Running too vehemently to break upon it.  
And Enid woke and sat beside the couch,  
Admiring him, and thought within herself,  
Was ever man so grandly made as he ?  
Then, like a shadow, past the people's talk  
And accusation of uxoriousness  
Across her mind, and bowing over him,  
Low to her own heart piteously she said :

‘ O noble breast and all-puissant arms,  
Am I the cause, I the poor cause that men  
Reproach you, saying all your force is gone ?  
I *am* the cause because I dare not speak  
And tell him what I think and what they say.  
And yet I hate that he should linger here ;

I cannot love my lord and not his name.  
Far liever had I gird his harness on him,  
And ride with him to battle and stand by,  
And watch his mightful hand striking great blows  
At caitiffs and at wrongers of the world.  
Far better were I laid in the dark earth,  
Not hearing any more his noble voice,  
Not to be folded more in these dear arms,  
And darken'd from the high light in his eyes,  
Than that my lord thro' me should suffer shame.  
Am I so bold, and could I so stand by,  
And see my dear lord wounded in the strife,  
Or may be pierced to death before mine eyes,  
And yet not dare to tell him what I think,  
And how men slur him, saying all his force  
Is melted into mere effeminacy?  
O me, I fear that I am no true wife.'

Half inwardly, half audibly she spoke,  
And the strong passion in her made her weep

True tears upon his broad and naked breast,  
And these awoke him, and by great mischance  
He heard but fragments of her later words,  
And that she fear'd she was not a true wife.  
And then he thought, 'In spite of all my care,  
For all my pains, poor man, for all my pains,  
She is not faithful to me, and I see her  
Weeping for some gay knight in Arthur's hall.'  
Then tho' he loved and revered her too much  
To dream she could be guilty of foul act,  
Right thro' his manful breast darted the pang  
That makes a man, in the sweet face of her  
Whom he loves most, lonely and miserable.  
At this he hurl'd his huge limbs out of bed,  
And shook his drowsy squire awake and cried,  
'My charger and her palfrey,' then to her,  
'I will ride forth into the wilderness ;  
For tho' it seems my spurs are yet to win,  
I have not fall'n so low as some would wish.  
And you, put on your worst and meanest dress

And ride with me.' And Enid ask'd, amazed,  
'If Enid errs, let Enid learn her fault.'  
But he, 'I charge you, ask not but obey.'  
Then she bethought her of a faded silk,  
A faded mantle and a faded veil,  
And moving toward a cedarn cabinet,  
Wherein she kept them folded reverently  
With sprigs of summer laid between the folds,  
She took them, and array'd herself therein,  
Remembering when first he came on her  
Drest in that dress, and how he loved her in it,  
And all her foolish fears about the dress,  
And all his journey to her, as himself  
Had told her, and their coming to the court.

For Arthur on the Whitsuntide before  
Held court at old Caerleon upon Usk.  
There on a day, he sitting high in hall,  
Before him came a forester of Dean,  
Wet from the woods, with notice of a hart

Taller than all his fellows, milky-white,  
First seen that day : these things he told the king.  
Then the good king gave order to let blow  
His horns for hunting on the morrow morn.  
And when the Queen petition'd for his leave  
To see the hunt, allow'd it easily.  
So with the morning all the court were gone.  
But Guinevere lay late into the morn,  
Lost in sweet dreams, and dreaming of her love  
For Lancelot, and forgetful of the hunt ;  
But rose at last, a single maiden with her,  
Took horse, and forded Usk, and gain'd the wood ;  
There, on a little knoll beside it, stay'd  
Waiting to hear the hounds ; but heard instead  
A sudden sound of hoofs, for Prince Geraint,  
Late also, wearing neither hunting-dress  
Nor weapon, save a golden-hilted brand,  
Came quickly flashing thro' the shallow ford  
Behind them, and so gallop'd up the knoll.  
A purple scarf, at either end whereof

There swung an apple of the purest gold,  
Sway'd round about him, as he gallop'd up  
To join them, glancing like a dragon-fly  
In summer suit and silks of holiday.  
Low bow'd the tributary Prince, and she,  
Sweetly and statelily, and with all grace  
Of womanhood and queenhood, answer'd him :  
'Late, late, Sir Prince,' she said, 'later than we !'  
'Yea, noble Queen,' he answer'd, 'and so late  
That I but come like you to see the hunt,  
Not join it.' 'Therefore wait with me,' she said ;  
'For on this little knoll, if anywhere,  
There is good chance that we shall hear the hounds :  
Here often they break covert at our feet.'

And while they listen'd for the distant hunt,  
And chiefly for the baying of Cavall,  
King Arthur's hound of deepest mouth, there rode  
Full slowly by a knight, lady, and dwarf ;  
Whereof the dwarf lagg'd latest, and the knight

Had visor up, and show'd a youthful face,  
Imperious, and of haughtiest lineaments.  
And Guinevere, not mindful of his face  
In the king's hall, desired his name, and sent  
Her maiden to demand it of the dwarf ;  
Who being vicious, old and irritable,  
And doubling all his master's vice of pride,  
Made answer sharply that she should not know.  
' Then will I ask it of himself,' she said.  
' Nay, by my faith, thou shalt not,' cried the dwarf ;  
' Thou art not worthy ev'n to speak of him ;'  
And when she put her horse toward the knight,  
Struck at her with his whip, and she return'd  
Indignant to the Queen ; at which Geraint  
Exclaiming, ' Surely I will learn the name,'  
Made sharply to the dwarf, and ask'd it of him,  
Who answer'd as before ; and when the Prince  
Had put his horse in motion toward the knight,  
Struck at him with his whip, and cut his cheek.  
The Prince's blood spirted upon the scarf,

Dyeing it ; and his quick, instinctive hand  
Caught at the hilt, as to abolish him :  
But he, from his exceeding manfulness  
And pure nobility of temperament,  
Wroth to be wroth at such a worm, refrain'd  
From ev'n a word, and so returning said :

‘ I will avenge this insult, noble Queen,  
Done in your maiden's person to yourself :  
And I will track this vermin to their earths :  
For tho' I ride unarm'd, I do not doubt  
To find, at some place I shall come at, arms  
On loan, or else for pledge ; and, being found,  
Then will I fight him, and will break his pride,  
And on the third day, will again be here,  
So that I be not fall'n in fight. Farewell.’

‘ Farewell, fair Prince,’ answer'd the stately Queen.  
‘ Be prosperous in this journey, as in all ;  
And may you light on all things that you love,



And live to wed with her whom first you love :  
But ere you wed with any, bring your bride,  
And I, were she the daughter of a king,  
Yea, tho' she were a beggar from the hedge,  
Will clothe her for her bridals like the sun.'

And Prince Geraint, now thinking that he heard  
The noble hart at bay, now the far horn,  
A little vext at losing of the hunt,  
A little at the vile occasion, rode,  
By ups and downs, thro' many a grassy glade  
And valley, with fixt eye following the three.  
At last they issued from the world of wood,  
And climb'd upon a fair and even ridge,  
And show'd themselves against the sky, and sank.  
And thither came Geraint, and underneath  
Beheld the long street of a little town  
In a long valley, on one side of which,  
White from the mason's hand, a fortress rose ;  
And on one side a castle in decay,

Beyond a bridge that spann'd a dry ravine :  
And out of town and valley came a noise  
As of a broad brook o'er a shingly bed  
Brawling, or like a clamour of the rooks  
At distance, ere they settle for the night.

And onward to the fortress rode the three,  
And enter'd, and were lost behind the walls.  
'So,' thought Geraint, 'I have track'd him to his earth.'  
And down the long street riding wearily,  
Found every hostel full, and everywhere  
Was hammer laid to hoof, and the hot hiss  
And bustling whistle of the youth who scour'd  
His master's armour ; and of such a one  
He ask'd, 'What means the tumult in the town ?'  
Who told him, scouring still 'The sparrow-hawk !'  
Then riding close behind an ancient churl,  
Who, smitten by the dusty sloping beam,  
Went sweating underneath a sack of corn,  
Ask'd yet once more what meant the hubbub here ?

Who answer'd gruffly, ' Ugh ! the sparrow-hawk.'  
Then riding further past an armourer's,  
Who, with back turn'd, and bow'd above his work,  
Sat riveting a helmet on his knee,  
He put the self-same query, but the man  
Not turning round, nor looking at him, said :  
' Friend, he that labours for the sparrow-hawk  
Has little time for idle questioners.'  
Whereat Geraint flash'd into sudden spleen :  
' A thousand pips eat up your sparrow-hawk !  
Tits, wrens, and all wing'd nothings peck him dead !  
Ye think the rustic cackle of your bourg  
The murmur of the world ! What is it to me ?  
O wretched set of sparrows, one and all,  
Who pipe of nothing but of sparrow-hawks !  
Speak, if you be not like the rest, hawk-mad,  
Where can I get me harbourage for the night ?  
And arms, arms, arms to fight my enemy ? Speak !'  
At this the armourer turning all amazed  
And seeing one so gay in purple silks,

Came forward with the helmet yet in hand  
And answer'd, ' Pardon me, O stranger knight ;  
We hold a tourney here tomorrow morn,  
And there is scanty time for half the work.  
Arms ? truth ! I know not : all are wanted here.  
Harbourage ? truth, good truth, I know not, save,  
It may be, at Earl Yniol's, o'er the bridge  
Yonder.' He spoke and fell to work again.

Then rode Geraint, a little spleenful yet,  
Across the bridge that spann'd the dry ravine.  
There musing sat the hoary-headed Earl,  
(His dress a suit of fray'd magnificence,  
Once fit for feasts of ceremony) and said :  
' Whither, fair son ?' to whom Geraint replied,  
' O friend, I seek a harbourage for the night.'  
Then Yniol, ' Enter therefore and partake  
The slender entertainment of a house  
Once rich, now poor, but ever open-door'd.'  
' Thanks, venerable friend,' replied Geraint ;

‘So that you do not serve me sparrow-hawks  
For supper, I will enter, I will eat  
With all the passion of a twelve hours’ fast.’  
Then sigh’d and smiled the hoary-headed Earl,  
And answer’d, ‘Graver cause than yours is mine  
To curse this hedgerow thief, the sparrow-hawk :  
But in, go in; for save yourself desire it,  
We will not touch upon him ev’n in jest.’

Then rode Geraint into the castle court,  
His charger trampling many a prickly star  
Of sprouted thistle on the broken stones.  
He look’d and saw that all was ruinous.  
Here stood a shatter’d archway plumed with fern ;  
And here had fall’n a great part of a tower,  
Whole, like a crag that tumbles from the cliff,  
And like a crag was gay with wilding flowers :  
And high above a piece of turret stair,  
Worn by the feet that now were silent, wound  
Bare to the sun, and monstrous ivy-stems

Claspt the gray walls with hairy-fibred arms,  
And suck'd the joining of the stones, and look'd  
A knot, beneath, of snakes, aloft, a grove.

And while he waited in the castle court,  
The voice of Enid, Yniol's daughter, rang  
Clear thro' the open casement of the Hall,  
Singing ; and as the sweet voice of a bird,  
Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,  
Moves him to think what kind of bird it is  
That sings so delicately clear, and make  
Conjecture of the plumage and the form ;  
So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint ;  
And made him like a man abroad at morn  
When first the liquid note beloved of men  
Comes flying over many a windy wave  
To Britain, and in April suddenly  
Breaks from a coppice gemm'd with green and red,  
And he suspends his converse with a friend,  
Or it may be the labour of his hands,

To think or say, 'there is the nightingale ;'  
So fared it with Geraint, who thought and said,  
'Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me.'

It chanced the song that Enid sang was one  
Of Fortune and her wheel, and Enid sang :

'Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud ;  
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm, and cloud ;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

'Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown ;  
With that wild wheel we go not up or down ;  
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

'Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands ;  
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands ;  
For man is man and master of his fate.

‘Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd ;  
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud ;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.’

‘Hark, by the bird’s song you may learn the nest’  
Said Yniol ; ‘Enter quickly.’ Entering then,  
Right o’er a mount of newly-fallen stones,  
The dusky-rafter’d many-cobweb’d Hall,  
He found an ancient dame in dim brocade ;  
And near her, like a blossom vermeil-white,  
That lightly breaks a faded flower-sheath,  
Moved the fair Enid, all in faded silk,  
Her daughter. In a moment thought Geraint,  
‘Here by God’s rood is the one maid for me.’  
But none spake word except the hoary Earl :  
‘Enid, the good knight’s horse stands in the court ;  
Take him to stall, and give him corn, and then  
Go to the town and buy us flesh and wine ;  
And we will make us merry as we may.  
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.’



He spake : the Prince, as Enid past him, fain  
To follow, strode a stride, but Yniol caught  
His purple scarf, and held, and said 'Forbear !  
Rest ! the good house, tho' ruin'd, O my Son,  
Endures not that her guest should serve himself.'  
And reverencing the custom of the house  
Geraint, from utter courtesy, forbore.

So Enid took his charger to the stall ;  
And after went her way across the bridge,  
And reach'd the town, and while the Prince and Earl  
Yet spoke together, came again with one,  
A youth, that following with a costrel bore  
The means of goodly welcome, flesh and wine.  
And Enid brought sweet cakes to make them cheer,  
And in her veil enfolded, manchet bread.  
And then, because their hall must also serve  
For kitchen, boil'd the flesh, and spread the board,  
And stood behind, and waited on the three.  
And seeing her so sweet and serviceable,

Geraint had longing in him evermore  
To stoop and kiss the tender little thumb,  
That crost the trencher as she laid it down :  
But after all had eaten, then Geraint,  
For now the wine made summer in his veins,  
Let his eye rove in following, or rest  
On Enid at her lowly handmaid-work,  
Now here, now there, about the dusky hall ;  
Then suddenly addrest the hoary Earl :

‘ Fair Host and Earl, I pray your courtesy ;  
This sparrow-hawk, what is he, tell me of him.  
His name ? but no, good faith, I will not have it :  
For if he be the knight whom late I saw  
Ride into that new fortress by your town,  
White from the mason’s hand, then have I sworn  
From his own lips to have it—I am Geraint  
Of Devon—for this morning when the Queen  
Sent her own maiden to demand the name,  
His dwarf, a vicious under-shapen thing,

Struck at her with his whip, and she return'd  
Indignant to the Queen ; and then I swore  
That I would track this caitiff to his hold,  
And fight and break his pride, and have it of him.  
And all unarm'd I rode, and thought to find  
Arms in your town, where all the men are mad ;  
They take the rustic murmur of their bourg  
For the great wave that echoes round the world ;  
They would not hear me speak : but if you know  
Where I can light on arms, or if yourself  
Should have them, tell me, seeing I have sworn  
That I will break his pride and learn his name,  
Avenging this great insult done the Queen.'

Then cried Earl Yniol. 'Art thou he indeed,  
Geraint, a name far-sounded among men  
For noble deeds ? and truly I, when first  
I saw you moving by me on the bridge,  
Felt you were somewhat, yea and by your state  
And presence might have guess'd you one of those

That eat in Arthur's hall at Camelot.  
Nor speak I now from foolish flattery ;  
For this dear child hath often heard me praise  
Your feats of arms, and often when I paused  
Hath ask'd again, and ever loved to hear ;  
So grateful is the noise of noble deeds  
To noble hearts who see but acts of wrong :  
O never yet had woman such a pair  
Of suitors as this maiden ; first Limours,  
A creature wholly given to brawls and wine,  
Drunk even when he woo'd ; and be he dead  
I know not, but he past to the wild land.  
The second was your foe, the sparrow-hawk,  
My curse, my nephew—I will not let his name  
Slip from my lips if I can help it—he,  
When I that knew him fierce and turbulent  
Refused her to him, then his pride awoke ;  
And since the proud man often is the mean,  
He sow'd a slander in the common ear,  
Affirming that his father left him gold,

And in my charge, which was not render'd to him ;  
Bribed with large promises the men who served  
About my person, the more easily  
Because my means were somewhat broken into  
Thro' open doors and hospitality ;  
Raised my own town against me in the night  
Before my Enid's birthday, sack'd my house ;  
From mine own earldom foully ousted me ;  
Built that new fort to overawe my friends,  
For truly there are those who love me yet ;  
And keeps me in this ruinous castle here,  
Where doubtless he would put me soon to death,  
But that his pride too much despises me :  
And I myself sometimes despise myself ;  
For I have let men be, and have their way ;  
Am much too gentle, have not used my power :  
Nor know I whether I be very base  
Or very manful, whether very wise  
Or very foolish ; only this I know,  
That whatsoever evil happen to me,

I seem to suffer nothing heart or limb,  
But can endure it all most patiently.'

'Well said, true heart,' replied Geraint, 'but arms :  
That if, as I suppose, your nephew fights  
In next day's tourney I may break his pride.'

And Yniol answer'd 'Arms, indeed, but old  
And rusty, old and rusty, Prince Geraint,  
Are mine, and therefore at your asking, yours.  
But in this tournament can no man tilt,  
Except the lady he loves best be there.  
Two forks are fixt into the meadow ground,  
And over these is laid a silver wand,  
And over that is placed the sparrow-hawk,  
The prize of beauty for the fairest there.  
And this, what knight soever be in field  
Lays claim to for the lady at his side,  
And tilts with my good nephew thereupon,  
Who being apt at arms and big of bone

Has ever won it for the lady with him,  
And toppling over all antagonism  
Has earn'd himself the name of sparrow-hawk.  
But you, that have no lady, cannot fight.'

To whom Geraint with eyes all bright replied,  
Leaning a little toward him, 'Your leave !  
Let *me* lay lance in rest, O noble host,  
For this dear child, because I never saw,  
Tho' having seen all beauties of our time,  
Nor can see elsewhere, anything so fair.  
And if I fall her name will yet remain  
Untarnish'd as before ; but if I live,  
So aid me Heaven when at mine uttermost,  
As I will make her truly my true wife.'

Then, howsoever patient, Yniol's heart  
Danced in his bosom, seeing better days.  
And looking round he saw not Enid there,  
(Who hearing her own name had slipt away)

But that old dame, to whom full tenderly  
And fondling all her hand in his he said,  
'Mother, a maiden is a tender thing,  
And best by her that bore her understood.  
Go thou to rest, but ere thou go to rest  
Tell her, and prove her heart toward the Prince.'

So spake the kindly-hearted Earl, and she  
With frequent smile and nod departing found,  
Half disarray'd as to her rest, the girl ;  
Whom first she kiss'd on either cheek, and then  
On either shining shoulder laid a hand,  
And kept her off and gazed upon her face,  
And told her all their converse in the hall,  
Proving her heart : but never light and shade  
Coursed one another more on open ground  
Beneath a troubled heaven, than red and pale  
Across the face of Enid hearing her ;  
While slowly falling as a scale that falls,  
When weight is added only grain by grain,



Sank her sweet head upon her gentle breast ;  
Nor did she lift an eye nor speak a word,  
Rapt in the fear and in the wonder of it ;  
So moving without answer to her rest  
She found no rest, and ever fail'd to draw  
The quiet night into her blood, but lay  
Contemplating her own unworthiness ;  
And when the pale and bloodless east began  
To quicken to the sun, arose, and raised  
Her mother too, and hand in hand they moved  
Down to the meadow where the jousts were held,  
And waited there for Yniol and Geraint.

And thither came the twain, and when Geraint  
Beheld her first in field, awaiting him,  
He felt, were she the prize of bodily force,  
Himself beyond the rest pushing could move  
The chair of Idris. Yniol's rusted arms  
Were on his princely person, but thro' these  
Princelike his bearing shone ; and errant knights

And ladies came, and by and by the town  
Flow'd in, and settling circled all the lists.  
And there they fixt the forks into the ground,  
And over these they placed a silver wand  
And over that a golden sparrow-hawk.  
Then Yniol's nephew, after trumpet blown,  
Spake to the lady with him and proclaim'd,  
'Advance and take as fairest of the fair,  
For I these two years past have won it for thee,  
The prize of beauty.' Loudly spake the Prince,  
'Forbear : there is a worthier,' and the knight  
With some surprise and thrice as much disdain  
Turn'd, and beheld the four, and all his face  
Glow'd like the heart of a great fire at Yule,  
So burnt he was with passion, crying out,  
'Do battle for it then,' no more ; and thrice  
They clash'd together, and thrice they brake their spears.  
Then each, dishorsed and drawing, lash'd at each  
So often and with such blows, that all the crowd  
Wonder'd, and now and then from distant walls

There came a clapping as of phantom hands.  
So twice they fought, and twice they breathed, and still  
The dew of their great labour, and the blood  
Of their strong bodies, flowing, drain'd their force.  
But either's force was match'd till Yniol's cry,  
'Remember that great insult done the Queen,'  
Increased Geraint's, who heaved his blade aloft,  
And crack'd the helmet thro', and bit the bone,  
And fell'd him, and set foot upon his breast,  
And said, 'Thy name?' To whom the fallen man  
Made answer, groaning, 'Edyrn, son of Nudd!  
Ashamed am I that I should tell it thee.  
My pride is broken : men have seen my fall.'  
'Then, Edyrn, son of Nudd,' replied Geraint,  
'These two things shalt thou do, or else thou diest.  
First, thou thyself, thy lady, and thy dwarf,  
Shalt ride to Arthur's court, and being there,  
Crave pardon for that insult done the Queen,  
And shalt abide her judgment on it ; next,  
Thou shalt give back their earldom to thy kin.

These two things shalt thou do, or thou shalt die.'  
And Edyrn answer'd, 'These things will I do,  
For I have never yet been overthrown,  
And thou hast overthrown me, and my pride  
Is broken down, for Enid sees my fall !'  
And rising up, he rode to Arthur's court,  
And there the Queen forgave him easily.  
And being young, he changed himself, and grew  
To hate the sin that seem'd so like his own  
Of Modred, Arthur's nephew, and fell at last  
In the great battle fighting for the king.

But when the third day from the hunting-morn  
Made a low splendour in the world, and wings  
Moved in her ivy, Enid, for she lay  
With her fair head in the dim-yellow light,  
Among the dancing shadows of the birds,  
Woke and bethought her of her promise given  
No later than last eve to Prince Geraint—  
So bent he seem'd on going the third day,

He would not leave her, till her promise given—  
To ride with him this morning to the court,  
And there be made known to the stately Queen,  
And there be wedded with all ceremony.  
At this she cast her eyes upon her dress,  
And thought it never yet had look'd so mean.  
For as a leaf in mid-November is  
To what it was in mid-October, seem'd  
The dress that now she look'd on to the dress  
She look'd on ere the coming of Geraint.  
And still she look'd, and still the terror grew  
Of that strange bright and dreadful thing, a court,  
All staring at her in her faded silk :  
And softly to her own sweet heart she said :

‘This noble prince who won our carldom back,  
So splendid in his acts and his attire,  
Sweet heaven, how much I shall discredit him !  
Would he could tarry with us here awhile !  
But being so beholden to the Prince,

It were but little grace in any of us,  
Bent as he seem'd on going this third day,  
To seek a second favour at his hands.  
Yet if he could but tarry a day or two,  
Myself would work eye dim, and finger lame,  
Far liefer than so much discredit him.'

And Enid fell in longing for a dress  
All branch'd and flower'd with gold, a costly gift  
Of her good mother, given her on the night  
Before her birthday, three sad years ago,  
That night of fire, when Edyrn sack'd their house,  
And scatter'd all they had to all the winds :  
For while the mother show'd it, and the two  
Were turning and admiring it, the work  
To both appear'd so costly, rose a cry  
That Edyrn's men were on them, and they fled  
With little save the jewels they had on,  
Which being sold and sold had bought them bread :  
And Edyrn's men had caught them in their flight, .

And placed them in this ruin ; and she wish'd  
The Prince had found her in her ancient home ;  
Then let her fancy flit across the past,  
And roam the goodly places that she knew ;  
And last bethought her how she used to watch,  
Near that old home, a pool of golden carp ;  
And one was patch'd and blur'd and lustreless  
Among his burnish'd brethren of the pool ;  
And half asleep she made comparison  
Of that and these to her own faded self  
And the gay court, and fell asleep again :  
And dreamt herself was such a faded form  
Among her burnish'd sisters of the pool ;  
But this was in the garden of a king ;  
And tho' she lay dark in the pool, she knew  
That all was bright ; that all about were birds  
Of sunny plume in gilded trellis-work ;  
That all the turf was rich in plots that look'd  
Each like a garnet or a turkis in it ;  
And lords and ladies of the high court went

In silver tissue talking things of state ;  
And children of the king in cloth of gold  
Glanced at the doors or gambol'd down the walks ;  
And while she thought ' they will not see me,' came  
A stately queen whose name was Guinevere,  
And all the children in their cloth of gold  
Ran to her, crying, ' if we have fish at all  
Let them be gold ; and charge the gardeners now  
To pick the faded creature from the pool,  
And cast it on the mixen that it die.'  
And therewithal one came and seized on her,  
And Enid started waking, with her heart  
All overshadow'd by the foolish dream,  
And lo ! it was her mother grasping her  
To get her well awake ; and in her hand  
A suit of bright apparel, which she laid  
Flat on the couch, and spoke exultingly :

' See here, my child, how fresh the colours look,  
How fast they hold, like colours of a shell



That keeps the wear and polish of the wave.  
Why not ? it never yet was worn, I trow :  
Look on it, child, and tell me if you know it.'

And Enid look'd, but all confused at first,  
Could scarce divide it from her foolish dream :  
Then suddenly she knew it and rejoiced,  
And answer'd, 'Yea, I know it ; your good gift,  
So sadly lost on that unhappy night ;  
Your own good gift !' 'Yea, surely,' said the dame,  
'And gladly given again this happy morn.  
For when the jousts were ended yesterday,  
Went Yniol thro' the town, and everywhere  
He found the sack and plunder of our house  
All scatter'd thro' the houses of the town ;  
And gave command that all which once was ours,  
Should now be ours again : and yester-eve,  
While you were talking sweetly with your Prince,  
Came one with this and laid it in my hand,  
For love or fear, or seeking favour of us,

Because we have our earldom back again.  
And yester-eve I would not tell you of it,  
But kept it for a sweet surprise at morn.  
Yea, truly is it not a sweet surprise ?  
For I myself unwillingly have worn  
My faded suit, as you, my child, have yours,  
And howsoever patient, Yniol his.  
Ah, dear, he took me from a goodly house,  
With store of rich apparel, sumptuous fare,  
And page, and maid, and squire, and senceschal,  
And pastime both of hawk and hound, and all  
That appertains to noble maintenance.  
Yea, and he brought me to a goodly house ;  
But since our fortune slipt from sun to shade,  
And all thro' that young traitor, cruel need  
Constrain'd us, but a better time has come ;  
So clothe yourself in this, that better fits  
Our mended fortunes and a Prince's bride :  
For tho' you won the prize of fairest fair,  
And tho' I heard him call you fairest fair,

Let never maiden think, however fair,  
She is not fairer in new clothes than old.  
And should some great court-lady say, the Prince  
Hath pick'd a ragged-robin from the hedge,  
And like a madman brought her to the court,  
Then were you shamed, and, worse, might shame the  
    Prince

To whom we are beholden ; but I know,  
When my dear child is set forth at her best,  
That neither court nor country, tho' they sought  
Thro' all the provinces like those of old  
That lighted on Queen Esther, has her match.'

Here ceased the kindly mother out of breath ;  
And Enid listen'd brightening as she lay ;  
Then, as the white and glittering star of morn  
Parts from a bank of snow, and by and by  
Slips into golden cloud, the maiden rose,  
And left her maiden couch, and robed herself,  
Help'd by the mother's careful hand and eye,

Without a mirror, in the gorgeous gown ;  
Who, after, turn'd her daughter round, and said,  
She never yet had seen her half so fair ;  
And call'd her like that maiden in the tale,  
Whom Gwydion made by glamour out of flowers,  
And sweeter than the bride of Cassivelaun,  
Flur, for whose love the Roman Cæsar first  
Invaded Britain, but we beat him back,  
As this great prince invaded us, and we,  
Not beat him back, but welcomed him with joy.  
And I can scarcely ride with you to court,  
For old am I, and rough the ways and wild ;  
But Yniol goes, and I full oft shall dream  
I see my princess as I see her now,  
Clothed with my gift, and gay among the gay.'

But while the women thus rejoiced, Geraint  
Woke where he slept in the high hall, and call'd  
For Enid, and when Yniol made report  
Of that good mother making Enid gay

In such apparel as might well beseem  
His princess, or indeed the stately queen,  
He answer'd ; ' Earl, entreat her by my love,  
Albeit I give no reason but my wish,  
That she ride with me in her faded silk.'  
Yniol with that hard message went ; it fell,  
Like flaws in summer laying lusty corn :  
For Enid all abash'd she knew not why,  
Dared not to glance at her good mother's face,  
But silently, in all obedience,  
Her mother silent too, nor helping her,  
Laid from her limbs the costly-broider'd gift,  
And robed them in her ancient suit again,  
And so descended. Never man rejoiced  
More than Geraint to greet her thus attired ;  
And glancing all at once as keenly at her,  
As careful robins eye the delver's toil,  
Made her cheek burn and either eyelid fall,  
But rested with her sweet face satisfied ;  
Then seeing cloud upon the mother's brow,

Her by both hands he caught, and sweetly said.

‘ O my new mother, be not wroth or grieved  
At your new son, for my petition to her.  
When late I left Caerleon, our great Queen,  
In words whose echo lasts, they were so sweet,  
Made promise, that whatever bride I brought,  
Herself would clothe her like the sun in Heaven.  
Thereafter, when I reach’d this ruin’d hold,  
Beholding one so bright in dark estate,  
I vow’d that could I gain her, our kind Queen,  
No hand but hers, should make your Enid burst  
Sunlike from cloud—and likewise thought perhaps,  
That service done so graciously would bind  
The two together ; for I wish the two  
To love each other : how should Enid find  
A nobler friend ? Another thought I had ;  
I came among you here so suddenly,  
That tho’ her gentle presence at the lists  
Might well have served for proof that I was loved,

I doubted whether filial tenderness,  
Or easy nature, did not let itself  
Be moulded by your wishes for her weal ;  
Or whether some false sense in her own self  
Of my contrasting brightness, overbore  
Her fancy dwelling in this dusky hall ;  
And such a sense might make her long for court  
And all its dangerous glories : and I thought,  
That could I someway prove such force in her  
Link'd with such love for me, that at a word  
(No reason given her) she could cast aside  
A splendour dear to women, new to her,  
And therefore dearer ; or if not so new,  
Yet therefore tenfold dearer by the power  
Of intermitted custom ; then I felt  
That I could rest, a rock in ebbs and flows,  
Fixt on her faith. Now, therefore, I do rest,  
A prophet certain of my prophecy,  
That never shadow of mistrust can cross  
Between us. Grant me pardon for my thoughts :

And for my strange petition I will make  
Amends hereafter by some gaudy-day,  
When your fair child shall wear your costly gift  
Beside your own warm hearth, with, on her knees,  
Who knows? another gift of the high God,  
Which, maybe, shall have learn'd to lisp you thanks.'

He spoke : the mother smiled, but half in tears,  
Then brought a mantle down and wrapt her in it,  
And claspt and kiss'd her, and they rode away.

Now thrice that morning Guinevere had climb'd  
The giant tower, from whose high crest, they say,  
Men saw the goodly hills of Somerset,  
And white sails flying on the yellow sea ;  
But not to goodly hill or yellow sea  
Look'd the fair Queen, but up the vale of Usk,  
By the flat meadow, till she saw them come ;  
And then descending met them at the gates,  
Embraced her with all welcome as a friend,



And did her honour as the Prince's bride,  
And clothed her for her bridals like the sun ;  
And all that week was old Caerleon gay,  
For by the hands of Dubric, the high saint,  
They twain were wedded with all ceremony.

And this was on the last year's Whitsuntide.  
But Enid ever kept the faded silk,  
Remembering how first he came on her,  
Drest in that dress, and how he loved her in it,  
And all her foolish fears about the dress,  
And all his journey toward her, as himself  
Had told her, and their coming to the court.

And now this morning when he said to her,  
'Put on your worst and meanest dress,' she found  
And took it, and array'd herself therein.

O purblind race of miserable men,  
How many among us at this very hour

Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,  
By taking true for false, or false for true ;  
Here, thro' the feeble twilight of this world  
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach  
That other, where we see as we are seen !

So fared it with Geraint, who issuing forth  
That morning, when they both had got to horse,  
Perhaps because he loved her passionately,  
And felt that tempest brooding round his heart,  
Which, if he spoke at all, would break perforce  
Upon a head so dear in thunder, said :  
' Not at my side ! I charge you ride before,  
Ever a good way on before ; and this  
I charge you, on your duty as a wife,  
Whatever happens, not to speak to me,  
No, not a word !' and Enid was aghast ;  
And forth they rode, but scarce three paces on,  
When crying out ' Effeminate as I am,  
I will not fight my way with gilded arms,

All shall be iron ;' he loosed a mighty purse,  
Hung at his belt, and hurl'd it toward the squire.  
So the last sight that Enid had of home  
Was all the marble threshold flashing, strown  
With gold and scatter'd coinage, and the squire  
Chafing his shoulder : then he cried again,  
'To the wilds !' and Enid leading down the tracks  
Thro' which he bade her lead him on, they past  
The marches, and by bandit-haunted holds,  
Gray swamps and pools, waste places of the hern,  
And wildernesses, perilous paths, they rode :  
Round was their pace at first, but slacken'd soon :  
A stranger meeting them had surely thought,  
They rode so slowly and they look'd so pale,  
That each had suffer'd some exceeding wrong.  
For he was ever saying to himself  
'O I that wasted time to tend upon her,  
To compass her with sweet observances,  
To dress her beautifully and keep her true'—  
And there he broke the sentence in his heart

Abruptly, as a man upon his tongue  
May break it, when his passion masters him.  
And she was ever praying the sweet heavens  
To save her dear lord whole from any wound.  
And ever in her mind she cast about  
For that unnoticed failing in herself,  
Which made him look so cloudy and so cold ;  
Till the great plover's human whistle amazed  
Her heart, and glancing round the waste she fear'd  
In every wavering brake an ambuscade.  
Then thought again 'if there be such in me,  
I might amend it by the grace of heaven,  
If he would only speak and tell me of it.'

But when the fourth part of the day was gone,  
Then Enid was aware of three tall knights  
On horseback, wholly arm'd, behind a rock  
In shadow, waiting for them, caitiffs all ;  
And heard one crying to his fellow, 'Look,  
Here comes a laggard hanging down his head,

Who seems no bolder than a beaten hound ;  
Come, we will slay him and will have his horse  
And armour, and his damsel shall be ours.'

Then Enid ponder'd in her heart, and said ;  
' I will go back a little to my lord,  
And I will tell him all their caitiff talk ;  
For, be he wroth even to slaying me,  
Far liever by his dear hand had I die,  
Than that my lord should suffer loss or shame.'

Then she went back some paces of return,  
Met his full frown timidly firm, and said :  
' My lord, I saw three bandits by the rock  
Waiting to fall on you, and heard them boast  
That they would slay you, and possess your horse  
And armour, and your damsel should be theirs.'

He made a wrathful answer. ' Did I wish  
Your silence or your warning ? one command

I laid upon you, not to speak to me,  
And thus you keep it ! Well then, look—for now,  
Whether you wish me victory or defeat,  
Long for my life, or hunger for my death,  
Yourself shall see my vigour is not lost.'

Then Enid waited pale and sorrowful,  
And down upon him bare the bandit three.  
And at the midmost charging, Prince Geraint  
Drave the long spear a cubit thro' his breast  
And out beyond ; and then against his brace  
Of comrades, each of whom had broken on him  
A lance that splinter'd like an icicle,  
Swung from his brand a windy buffet out  
Once, twice, to right, to left, and stunn'd the twain  
Or slew them, and dismounting like a man  
That skins the wild beast after slaying him,  
Stript from the three dead wolves of woman born  
The three gay suits of armour which they wore,  
And let the bodies lie, but bound the suits

Of armour on their horses, each on each,  
And tied the bridle-reins of all the three  
Together, and said to her, ' Drive them on  
Before you ;' and she drove them thro' the waste.

He follow'd nearer : ruth began to work  
Against his anger in him, while he watch'd  
The being he loved best in all the world,  
With difficulty in mild obedience  
Driving them on : he fain had spoken to her,  
And loosed in words of sudden fire the wrath  
And smoulder'd wrong that burnt him all within ;  
But evermore it seem'd an easier thing  
At once without remorse to strike her dead,  
Than to cry ' Halt,' and to her own bright face  
Accuse her of the least immodesty :  
And thus tongue-tied, it made him wroth the more  
That she *could* speak whom his own ear had heard  
Call herself false : and suffering thus he made  
Minutes an age : but in scarce longer time

Than at Caerleon the full-tided Usk,  
Before he turn to fall seaward again,  
Pauses, did Enid, keeping watch, behold  
In the first shallow shade of a deep wood,  
Before a gloom of stubborn-shafted oaks,  
Three other horsemen waiting, wholly arm'd,  
Whereof one seem'd far larger than her lord,  
And shook her pulses, crying, 'Look, a prize!  
Three horses and three goodly suits of arms,  
And all in charge of whom? a girl: set on.'  
'Nay' said the second, 'yonder comes a knight.'  
The third, 'A craven; how he hangs his head.'  
The giant answer'd merrily, 'Yea, but one?  
Wait here, and when he passes fall upon him.'

And Enid ponder'd in her heart and said,  
'I will abide the coming of my lord,  
And I will tell him all their villainy.  
My lord is weary with the fight before,  
And they will fall upon him unawares.



I needs must disobey him for his good ;  
How should I dare obey him to his harm ?  
Needs must I speak, and tho' he kill me for it,  
I save a life dearer to me than mine.'

And she abode his coming, and said to him  
With timid firmness, ' Have I leave to speak ?'  
He said, ' You take it, speaking,' and she spoke.

' There lurk three villains yonder in the wood,  
And each of them is wholly arm'd, and one  
Is larger-limb'd than you are, and they say  
That they will fall upon you while you pass.'

To which he flung a wrathful answer back :  
' And if there were an hundred in the wood,  
And every man were larger-limb'd than I,  
And all at once should sally out upon me,  
I swear it would not ruffle me so much  
As you that not obey me. Stand aside,

And if I fall, cleave to the better man.'

And Enid stood aside to wait the event,  
Not dare to watch the combat, only breathe  
Short fits of prayer, at every stroke a breath.  
And he, she dreaded most, bare down upon him.  
Aim'd at the helm, his lance err'd ; but Geraint's,  
A little in the late encounter strain'd,  
Struck thro' the bulky bandit's corselet home,  
And then brake short, and down his enemy roll'd,  
And there lay still ; as he that tells the tale,  
Saw once a great piece of a promontory,  
That had a sapling growing on it, slip  
From the long shore-cliff's windy walls to the beach,  
And there lie still, and yet the sapling grew :  
So lay the man transfixt. His craven pair  
Of comrades, making slower at the Prince,  
When now they saw their bulwark fallen, stood ;  
On whom the victor, to confound them more,  
Spurr'd with his terrible war-cry ; for as one,

That listens near a torrent mountain-brook,  
All thro' the crash of the near cataract hears  
The drumming thunder of the huger fall  
At distance, were the soldiers wont to hear  
His voice in battle, and be kindled by it,  
And foemen scared, like that false pair who turn'd  
Flying, but, overtaken, died the death  
Themselves had wrought on many an innocent.

Thereon Geraint, dismounting, pick'd the lance  
That pleased him best, and drew from those dead wolves  
Their three gay suits of armour, each from each,  
And bound them on their horses, each on each,  
And tied the bridle-reins of all the three  
Together, and said to her, 'Drive them on  
Before you,' and she drove them thro' the wood.

He follow'd nearer still : the pain she had  
To keep them in the wild ways of the wood,  
Two sets of three laden with jingling arms,

Together, served a little to disedge  
The sharpness of that pain about her heart :  
And they themselves, like creatures gently born  
But into bad hands fall'n, and now so long  
By bandits groom'd, prick'd their light ears, and felt  
Her low firm voice and tender government.

So thro' the green gloom of the wood they past,  
And issuing under open heavens beheld  
A little town with towers, upon a rock,  
And close beneath, a meadow gemlike chased  
In the brown wild, and mowers mowing in it :  
And down a rocky pathway from the place  
There came a fair-hair'd youth, that in his hand  
Bare victual for the mowers : and Geraint  
Had ruth again on Enid looking pale :  
Then, moving downward to the meadow ground,  
He, when the fair-hair'd youth came by him, said,  
' Friend, let her eat ; the damsel is so faint.'  
' Yea, willingly,' replied the youth ; ' and you,

My lord, eat also, tho' the fare is coarse,  
And only meet for mowers ;' then set down  
His basket, and dismounting on the sward  
They let the horses graze, and ate themselves.  
And Enid took a little delicately,  
Less having stomach for it than desire  
To close with her lord's pleasure ; but Geraint  
Ate all the mowers' victual unawares,  
And when he found all empty, was amazed ;  
And 'Boy,' said he, 'I have eaten all, but take  
A horse and arms for guerdon ; choose the best.'  
He, reddening in extremity of delight,  
'My lord, you overpay me fifty-fold.'  
'You will be all the wealthier,' cried the Prince.  
'I take it as free gift, then,' said the boy,  
'Not guerdon ; for myself can easily,  
While your good damsel rests, return, and fetch  
Fresh victual for these mowers of our Earl ;  
For these are his, and all the field is his,  
And I myself am his ; and I will tell him

How great a man you are : he loves to know  
When men of mark are in his territory :  
And he will have you to his palace here,  
And serve you costlier than with mowers' fare.'

Then said Geraint, 'I wish no better fare :  
I never ate with angrier appetite  
Than when I left your mowers dinnerless.  
And into no Earl's palace will I go.  
I know, God knows, too much of palaces !  
And if he want me, let him come to me.  
But hire us some fair chamber for the night,  
And stalling for the horses, and return  
With victual for these men, and let us know.'

'Yea, my kind lord,' said the glad youth, and went,  
Held his head high, and thought himself a knight,  
And up the rocky pathway disappear'd,  
Leading the horse, and they were left alone.

But when the Prince had brought his errant eyes  
Home from the rock, sideways he let them glance  
At Enid, where she droopt : his own false doom,  
That shadow of mistrust should never cross  
Betwixt them, came upon him, and he sigh'd ;  
Then with another humourous ruth remark'd  
The lusty mowers labouring dinnerless,  
And watch'd the sun blaze on the turning scythe,  
And after nodded sleepily in the heat.  
But she, remembering her old ruin'd hall,  
And all the windy clamour of the daws  
About her hollow turret, pluck'd the grass  
There growing longest by the meadow's edge,  
And into many a listless annulet,  
Now over, now beneath her marriage ring,  
Wove and unwove it, till the boy return'd  
And told them of a chamber, and they went ;  
Where, after saying to her, ' If you will,  
Call for the woman of the house,' to which  
She answer'd, ' Thanks, my lord ;' the two remain'd

Apart by all the chamber's width, and mute  
As creatures voiceless thro' the fault of birth,  
Or two wild men supporters of a shield,  
Painted, who stare at open space, nor glance  
The one at other, parted by the shield.

On a sudden, many a voice along the street,  
And heel against the pavement echoing, burst  
Their drowze ; and either started while the door,  
Push'd from without, drave backward to the wall,  
And midmost of a rout of roisterers,  
Femininely fair and dissolutely pale,  
Her suitor in old years before Geraint,  
Enter'd, the wild lord of the place, Limours.  
He moving up with pliant courtliness,  
Greeted Geraint full face, but stealthily,  
In the mid-warmth of welcome and graspt hand,  
Found Enid with the corner of his eye,  
And knew her sitting sad and solitary.  
Then cried Geraint for wine and goodly cheer



To feed the sudden guest, and sumptuously  
According to his fashion, bad the host  
Call in what men soever were his friends,  
And feast with these in honour of their earl ;  
' And care not for the cost ; the cost is mine.'

And wine and food were brought, and Earl Limours  
Drank till he jested with all ease, and told  
Free tales, and took the word and play'd upon it,  
And made it of two colours ; for his talk,  
When wine and free companions kindled him,  
Was wont to glance and sparkle like a gem  
Of fifty facets ; thus he moved the Prince  
To laughter and his comrades to applause.  
Then, when the Prince was merry, ask'd Limours,  
' Your leave, my lord, to cross the room, and speak  
To your good damsel there who sits apart,  
And seems so lonely ?' ' My free leave' he said ;  
' Get her to speak : she does not speak to me.'  
Then rose Limours and looking at his feet,

Like him who tries the bridge he fears may fail,  
Crost and came near, lifted adoring eyes,  
Bow'd at her side and utter'd whisperingly :

‘ Enid, the pilot star of my lone life,  
Enid my early and my only love,  
Enid the loss of whom has turn'd me wild—  
What chance is this ? how is it I see you here ?  
You are in my power at last, are in my power.  
Yet fear me not : I call mine own self wild,  
But keep a touch of sweet civility  
Here in the heart of waste and wilderness.  
I thought, but that your father came between,  
In former days you saw me favourably.  
And if it were so do not keep it back :  
Make me a little happier : let me know it :  
Owe you me nothing for a life half-lost ?  
Yea, yea, the whole dear debt of all you are.  
And, Enid, you and he, I see it with joy—  
You sit apart, you do not speak to him,

You come with no attendance, page or maid,  
To serve you—does he love you as of old ?  
For, call it lovers' quarrels, yet I know  
Tho' men may bicker with the things they love,  
They would not make them laughable in all eyes,  
Not while they loved them ; and your wretched dress,  
A wretched insult on you, dumbly speaks  
Your story, that this man loves you no more.  
Your beauty is no beauty to him now :  
A common chance—right well I know it—pall'd—  
For I know men : nor will you win him back,  
For the man's love once gone never returns.  
But here is one who loves you as of old ;  
With more exceeding passion than of old :  
Good, speak the word : my followers ring him round :  
He sits unarm'd ; I hold a finger up ;  
They understand : no ; I do not mean blood :  
Nor need you look so scared at what I say :  
My malice is no deeper than a moat,  
No stronger than a wall : there is the keep ;

He shall not cross us more ; speak but the word :  
Or speak it not ; but then by Him that made me  
The one true lover which you ever had,  
I will make use of all the power I have.  
O pardon me ! the madness of that hour,  
When first I parted from you, moves me yet.'

At this the tender sound of his own voice  
And sweet self-pity, or the fancy of it,  
Made his eye moist ; but Enid fear'd his eyes,  
Moist as they were, wine-heated from the feast ;  
And answer'd with such craft as women use,  
Guilty or guiltless, to stave off a chance  
That breaks upon them perilously, and said :

' Earl, if you love me as in former years,  
And do not practise on me, come with morn,  
And snatch me from him as by violence ;  
Leave me to-night : I am weary to the death.'

Low at leave-taking, with his brandish'd plume  
Brushing his instep, bow'd the all-amorous Earl,  
And the stout Prince bad him a loud good-night.  
He moving homeward babbled to his men,  
How Enid never loved a man but him,  
Nor cared a broken egg-shell for her lord.

But Enid left alone with Prince Geraint,  
Debating his command of silence given,  
And that she now perforce must violate it,  
Held commune with herself, and while she held  
He fell asleep, and Enid had no heart  
To wake him, but hung o'er him, wholly pleased  
To find him yet unwounded after fight,  
And near him breathing low and equally.  
Anon she rose, and stepping lightly, heap'd  
The pieces of his armour in one place,  
All to be there against a sudden need ;  
Then dozed awhile herself, but overtoil'd  
By that day's grief and travel, evermore

Seem'd catching at a rootless thorn, and then  
Went slipping down horrible precipices,  
And strongly striking out her limbs awoke ;  
Then thought she heard the wild Earl at the door,  
With all his rout of random followers,  
Sound on a dreadful trumpet, summoning her ;  
Which was the red cock shouting to the light,  
As the gray dawn stole o'er the dewy world,  
And glimmer'd on his armour in the room.  
And once again she rose to look at it,  
But touch'd it unawares : jangling, the casque  
Fell, and he started up and stared at her.  
Then breaking his command of silence given,  
She told him all that Earl Limours had said,  
Except the passage that he loved her not ;  
Nor left untold the craft herself had used ;  
But ended with apology so sweet,  
Low-spoken, and of so few words, and seem'd  
So justified by that necessity,  
That tho' he thought ' was it for him she wept

In Devon?' he but gave a wrathful groan,  
Saying 'your sweet faces make good fellows fools  
And traitors. Call the host and bid him bring  
Charger and palfrey.' So she glided out  
Among the heavy breathings of the house,  
And like a household Spirit at the walls  
Beat, till she woke the sleepers, and return'd :  
Then tending her rough lord, tho' all unask'd,  
In silence, did him service as a squire ;  
Till issuing arm'd he found the host and cried,  
'Thy reckoning, friend?' and ere he learnt it, 'Take  
Five horses and their armours ;' and the host,  
Suddenly honest, answer'd in amaze,  
'My lord, I scarce have spent the worth of one !'  
'You will be all the wealthier' said the Prince,  
And then to Enid, 'Forward ! and to-day  
I charge you, Enid, more especially,  
What thing soever you may hear, or see,  
Or fancy (tho' I count it of small use  
To charge you) that you speak not but obey.'

And Enid answer'd, ' Yea, my lord, I know  
Your wish, and would obey ; but riding first,  
I hear the violent threats you do not hear,  
I see the danger which you cannot see :  
Then not to give you warning, that seems hard ;  
Almost beyond me : yet I would obey.'

' Yea so,' said he, ' do it : be not too wise ;  
Seeing that you are wedded to a man,  
Not quite mismated with a yawning clown,  
But one with arms to guard his head and yours,  
With eyes to find you out however far,  
And ears to hear you even in his dreams.'

With that he turn'd and look'd as keenly at her  
As careful robins eye the delver's toil ;  
And that within her, which a wanton fool,  
Or hasty judger would have call'd her guilt,  
Made her cheek burn and either eyelid fall.  
And Geraint look'd and was not satisfied.



Then forward by a way which, beaten broad,  
Led from the territory of false Limours  
To the waste earldom of another earl,  
Doorm, whom his shaking vassals call'd the Bull,  
Went Enid with her sullen follower on.  
Once she look'd back, and when she saw him ride  
More near by many a rood than yester-morn,  
It wellnigh made her cheerful ; till Geraint  
Waving an angry hand as who should say  
' You watch me,' sadden'd all her heart again.  
But while the sun yet beat a dewy blade,  
The sound of many a heavily-galloping hoof  
Smote on her ear, and turning round she saw  
Dust, and the points of lances bicker in it.  
Then not to disobey her lord's behest,  
And yet to give him warning, for he rode  
As if he heard not, moving back she held  
Her finger up, and pointed to the dust.  
At which the warrior in his obstinacy,  
Because she kept the letter of his word

Was in a manner pleased, and turning, stood.  
And in the moment after, wild Limours,  
Borne on a black horse, like a thunder-cloud  
Whose skirts are loosen'd by the breaking storm,  
Half ridden off with by the thing he rode,  
And all in passion uttering a dry shriek,  
Dash'd on Geraint, who closed with him, and bore  
Down by the length of lance and arm beyond  
The crupper, and so left him stunn'd or dead,  
And overthrew the next that follow'd him,  
And blindly rush'd on all the rout behind.  
But at the flash and motion of the man  
They vanish'd panic-stricken, like a shoal  
Of darting fish, that on a summer morn  
Adown the crystal dykes at Camelot  
Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand,  
But if a man who stands upon the brink  
But lift a shining hand against the sun,  
There is not left the twinkle of a fin  
Betwixt the cressy islets white in flower ;

So, scared but at the motion of the man,  
Fled all the boon companions of the Earl,  
And left him lying in the public way ;  
So vanish friendships only made in wine.

Then like a stormy sunlight smiled Geraint,  
Who saw the chargers of the two that fell  
Start from their fallen lords, and wildly fly,  
Mixt with the flyers. ‘Horse and man,’ he said,  
‘All of one mind and all right-honest friends !  
Not a hoof left : and I methinks till now  
Was honest—paid with horses and with arms ;  
I cannot steal or plunder, no nor beg :  
And so what say you, shall we strip him there  
Your lover ? has your palfrey heart enough  
To bear his armour ? shall we fast, or dine ?  
No ?—then do you, being right honest, pray  
That we may meet the horsemen of Earl Doorm,  
I too would still be honest.’ Thus he said :  
And sadly gazing on her bridle-reins,

And answering not one word, she led the way.

But as a man to whom a dreadful loss  
Falls in a far land and he knows it not,  
But coming back he learns it, and the loss  
So pains him that he sickens nigh to death ;  
So fared it with Geraint, who being prick'd  
In combat with the follower of Limours,  
Bled underneath his armour secretly,  
And so rode on, nor told his gentle wife  
What ail'd him, hardly knowing it himself,  
Till his eye darken'd and his helmet wagg'd ;  
And at a sudden swerving of the road,  
Tho' happily down on a bank of grass,  
The Prince, without a word, from his horse fell.

And Enid heard the clashing of his fall,  
Suddenly came, and at his side all pale  
Dismounting, loosed the fastenings of his arms,  
Nor let her true hand falter, nor blue eye

Moisten, till she had lighted on his wound,  
And tearing off her veil of faded silk  
Had bared her forehead to the blistering sun,  
And swathed the hurt that drain'd her dear lord's life.  
Then after all was done that hand could do,  
She rested, and her desolation came  
Upon her, and she wept beside the way.

And many past, but none regarded her,  
For in that realm of lawless turbulence,  
A woman weeping for her murder'd mate  
Was cared as much for as a summer shower :  
One took him for a victim of Earl Doorm,  
Nor dared to waste a perilous pity on him :  
Another hurrying past, a man-at-arms,  
Rode on a mission to the bandit Earl ;  
Half whistling and half singing a coarse song,  
He drove the dust against her veilless eyes :  
Another, flying from the wrath of Doorm  
Before an ever-fancied arrow, made

The long way smoke beneath him in his fear ;  
At which her palfrey whinnying lifted heel,  
And scour'd into the coppices and was lost,  
While the great charger stood, grieved like a man.

But at the point of noon the huge Earl Doorm,  
Broad-faced with under-fringe of russet beard,  
Bound on a foray, rolling eyes of prey,  
Came riding with a hundred lances up ;  
But ere he came, like one that hails a ship,  
Cried out with a big voice, ' What, is he dead ?'  
' No, no, not dead !' she answer'd in all haste.  
' Would some of your kind people take him up,  
And bear him hence out of this cruel sun :  
Most sure am I, quite sure, he is not dead.'

Then said Earl Doorm ; ' Well, if he be not dead,  
Why wail you for him thus ? you seem a child.  
And be he dead, I count you for a fool ;  
Your wailing will not quicken him : dead or not,

You mar a comely face with idiot tears.  
Yet, since the face *is* comely—some of you,  
Here, take him up, and bear him to our hall :  
An if he live, we will have him of our band ;  
And if he die, why earth has earth enough  
To hide him. See ye take the charger too,  
A noble one.’

He spake, and past away,  
But left two brawny spearmen, who advanced,  
Each growling like a dog, when his good bone  
Seems to be pluck’d at by the village boys  
Who love to vex him eating, and he fears  
To lose his bone, and lays his foot upon it,  
Gnawing and growling : so the ruffians growl’d,  
Fearing to lose, and all for a dead man,  
Their chance of booty from the morning’s raid ;  
Yet raised and laid him on a litter-bier,  
Such as they brought upon their forays out  
For those that might be wounded ; laid him on it  
All in the hollow of his shield, and took

And bore him to the naked hall of Doorm,  
(His gentle charger following him unled)  
And cast him and the bier in which he lay  
Down on an oaken settle in the hall,  
And then departed, hot in haste to join  
Their luckier mates, but growling as before,  
And cursing their lost time, and the dead man,  
And their own Earl, and their own souls, and her.  
They might as well have blest her : she was deaf  
To blessing or to cursing save from one.

So for long hours sat Enid by her lord,  
There in the naked hall, propping his head,  
And chafing his pale hands, and calling to him.  
And at the last he waken'd from his swoon,  
And found his own dear bride propping his head,  
And chafing his faint hands, and calling to him ;  
And felt the warm tears falling on his face ;  
And said to his own heart, ' she weeps for me : '  
And yet lay still, and feign'd himself as dead,



That he might prove her to the uttermost,  
And say to his own heart 'she weeps for me.'

But in the falling afternoon return'd  
The huge Earl Doorm with plunder to the hall.  
His lusty spearmen follow'd him with noise :  
Each hurling down a heap of things that rang  
Against the pavement, cast his lance aside,  
And doff'd his helm : and then there flutter'd in,  
Half-bold, half-frighted, with dilated eyes,  
A tribe of women, dress'd in many hues,  
And mingled with the spearmen : and Earl Doorm  
Struck with a knife's haft hard against the board,  
And call'd for flesh and wine to feed his spears.  
And men brought in whole hogs and quarter beeves,  
And all the hall was dim with steam of flesh :  
And none spake word, but all sat down at once,  
And ate with tumult in the naked hall,  
Feeding like horses when you hear them feed ;  
Till Enid shrank far back into herself,

To shun the wild ways of the lawless tribe.

But when Earl Doorm had eaten all he would,

He roll'd his eyes about the hall, and found

A damsel drooping in a corner of it.

Then he remember'd her, and how she wept ;

And out of her there came a power upon him ;

And rising on the sudden he said, ' Eat !

I never yet beheld a thing so pale.

God's curse, it makes me mad to see you weep.

Eat ! Look yourself. Good luck had your good man,

For were I dead who is it would weep for me ?

Sweet lady, never since I first drew breath,

Have I beheld a lily like yourself.

And so there lived some colour in your cheek,

There is not one among my gentlewomen

Were fit to wear your slipper for a glove.

But listen to me, and by me be ruled,

And I will do the thing I have not done,

For you shall share my earldom with me, girl,

And we will live like two birds in one nest,

And I will fetch you forage from all fields,  
For I compel all creatures to my will.'

He spake : the brawny spearman let his cheek  
Bulge with the unswallow'd piece, and turning stared ;  
While some, whose souls the old serpent long had drawn  
Down, as the worm draws in the wither'd leaf  
And makes it earth, hiss'd each at other's ear  
What shall not be recorded—women they,  
Women, or what had been those gracious things,  
But now desired the humbling of their best,  
Yea, would have helped him to it : and all at once  
They hated her, who took no thought of them,  
But answer'd in low voice, her meek head yet  
Drooping, 'I pray you of your courtesy,  
He being as he is, to let me be.'

She spake so low he hardly heard her speak,  
But like a mighty patron, satisfied  
With what himself had done so graciously,

Assumed that she had thanked him, adding, 'yea,  
Eat and be glad, for I account you mine.'

She answer'd meekly, 'How should I be glad  
Henceforth in all the world at anything,  
Until my lord arise and look upon me?'

Here the huge Earl cried out upon her talk,  
As all but empty heart and weariness  
And sickly nothing ; suddenly seized on her,  
And bare her by main violence to the board,  
And thrust the dish before her, crying, 'Eat.'

'No, no,' said Enid, vext, 'I will not eat,  
Till yonder man upon the bier arise,  
And eat with me.' 'Drink, then,' he answer'd. 'Here  
(And fill'd a horn with wine and held it to her,)  
'Lo ! I, myself, when flush'd with fight, or hot,  
God's curse, with anger—often I myself,  
Before I well have drunken, scarce can eat :

Drink therefore, and the wine will change your will.'

'Not so,' she cried, 'by Heaven, I will not drink,  
Till my dear lord arise and bid me do it,  
And drink with me ; and if he rise no more,  
I will not look at wine until I die.'

At this he turn'd all red and paced his hall,  
Now gnaw'd his under, now his upper lip,  
And coming up close to her, said at last ;  
'Girl, for I see you scorn my courtesies,  
Take warning : yonder man is surely dead ;  
And I compel all creatures to my will.  
Not eat nor drink ? And wherefore wail for one,  
Who put your beauty to this flout and scorn  
By dressing it in rags ? Amazed am I,  
Beholding how you butt against my wish,  
That I forbear you thus : cross me no more.  
At least put off to please me this poor gown,  
This silken rag, this beggar-woman's weed :

I love that beauty should go beautifully :  
For see you not my gentlewomen here,  
How gay, how suited to the house of one,  
Who loves that beauty should go beautifully !  
Rise therefore ; robe yourself in this : obey.'

He spoke, and one among his gentlewomen  
Display'd a splendid silk of foreign loom,  
Where like a shoaling sea the lovely blue  
Play'd into green, and thicker down the front  
With jewels than the sward with drops of dew,  
When all night long a cloud clings to the hill,  
And with the dawn ascending lets the day  
Strike where it clung : so thickly shone the gems.

But Enid answer'd, harder to be moved  
Than hardest tyrants in their day of power,  
With life-long injuries burning unavenged,  
And now their hour has come ; and Enid said :

‘In this poor gown my dear lord found me first,  
And loved me serving in my father’s hall :  
In this poor gown I rode with him to court,  
And there the Queen array’d me like the sun :  
In this poor gown he bade me clothe myself,  
When now we rode upon this fatal quest  
Of honour, where no honour can be gain’d :  
And this poor gown I will not cast aside  
Until himself arise a living man,  
And bid me cast it. I have griefs enough :  
Pray you be gentle, pray you let me be :  
I never loved, can never love but him :  
Yea, God, I pray you of your gentleness,  
He being as he is, to let me be.’

Then strode the brute Earl up and down his hall,  
And took his russet beard between his teeth ;  
Last, coming up quite close, and in his mood  
Crying, ‘I count it of no more avail,  
Dame, to be gentle than ungentle with you ;

Take my salute,' unknighly with flat hand,  
However lightly, smote her on the cheek.

Then Enid, in her utter helplessness,  
And since she thought, 'he had not dared to do it,  
Except he surely knew my lord was dead,'  
Sent forth a sudden sharp and bitter cry,  
As of a wild thing taken in the trap,  
Which sees the trapper coming thro' the wood.

This heard Geraint, and grasping at his sword,  
(It lay beside him in the hollow shield),  
Made but a single bound, and with a sweep of it  
Shore thro' the swarthy neck, and like a ball  
The russet-bearded head roll'd on the floor.  
So died Earl Doorm by him he counted dead.  
And all the men and women in the hall  
Rose when they saw the dead man rise, and fled  
Yelling as from a spectre, and the two  
Were left alone together, and he said :



‘Enid, I have used you worse than that dead man ;  
Done you more wrong : we both have undergone  
That trouble which has left me thrice your own :  
Henceforward I will rather die than doubt.  
And here I lay this penance on myself,  
Not, tho’ mine own ears heard you yester-morn—  
You thought me sleeping, but I heard you say,  
I heard you say, that you were no true wife :  
I swear I will not ask your meaning in it :  
I do believe yourself against yourself,  
And will henceforward rather die than doubt.’

And Enid could not say one tender word,  
She felt so blunt and stupid at the heart :  
She only prayed him, ‘Fly, they will return  
And slay you ; fly, your charger is without,  
My palfrey lost.’ ‘Then, Enid, shall you ride  
Behind me.’ ‘Yea,’ said Enid, ‘let us go.’  
And moving out they found the stately horse,  
Who now no more a vassal to the thief,

But free to stretch his limbs in lawful fight,  
Neigh'd with all gladness as they came, and stoop'd  
With a low whinny toward the pair : and she  
Kiss'd the white star upon his noble front,  
Glad also ; then Geraint upon the horse  
Mounted, and reach'd a hand, and on his foot  
She set her own and climb'd ; he turn'd his face  
And kiss'd her climbing, and she cast her arms  
About him, and at once they rode away.

And never yet, since high in Paradise  
O'er the four rivers the first roses blew,  
Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind  
Than lived thro' her, who in that perilous hour  
Put hand to hand beneath her husband's heart,  
And felt him hers again : she did not weep,  
But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist  
Like that which kept the heart of Eden green  
Before the useful trouble of the rain :  
Yet not so misty were her meek blue eyes

As not to see before them on the path,  
Right in the gateway of the bandit hold,  
A knight of Arthur's court, who laid his lance  
In rest, and made as if to fall upon him.  
Then, fearing for his hurt and loss of blood,  
She, with her mind all full of what had chanced,  
Shriek'd to the stranger, 'Slay not a dead man !'  
'The voice of Enid,' said the knight ; but she,  
Beholding it was Edyrn son of Nudd,  
Was moved so much the more, and shriek'd again,  
'O cousin, slay not him who gave you life.'  
And Edyrn moving frankly forward spake :  
'My lord Geraint, I greet you with all love ;  
I took you for a bandit knight of Doorm ;  
And fear not, Enid, I should fall upon him,  
Who love you, Prince, with something of the love  
Wherewith we love the Heaven that chastens us.  
For once, when I was up so high in pride  
That I was halfway down the slope to Hell,  
By overthrowing me you threw me higher.

Now, made a knight of Arthur's Table Round,  
And since I knew this Earl, when I myself  
Was half a bandit in my lawless hour,  
I come the mouthpiece of our King to Doorn  
(The King is close behind me) bidding him  
Disband himself, and scatter all his powers,  
Submit, and hear the judgment of the King.'

'He hears the judgment of the King of Kings,'  
Cried the wan Prince; 'and lo the powers of Doorn  
Are scatter'd,' and he pointed to the field,  
Where, huddled here and there on mound and knoll,  
Were men and women staring and aghast,  
While some yet fled; and then he plainlier told  
How the huge Earl lay slain within his hall.  
But when the knight besought him, 'Follow me,  
Prince, to the camp, and in the King's own ear  
Speak what has chanced; you surely have endured  
Strange chances here alone;' that other flush'd,  
And hung his head, and halted in reply,

Fearing the mild face of the blameless King,  
And after madness acted question ask'd :  
Till Edyrn crying, ' If you will not go  
To Arthur, then will Arthur come to you,'  
' Enough,' he said, ' I follow,' and they went.  
But Enid in their going had two fears,  
One from the bandit scatter'd in the field,  
And one from Edyrn. Every now and then,  
When Edyrn rein'd his charger at her side,  
She shrank a little. In a hollow land,  
From which old fires have broken, men may fear  
Fresh fire and ruin. He, perceiving, said :

' Fair and dear cousin, you that most had cause  
To fear me, fear no longer, I am changed.  
Yourself were first the blameless cause to make  
My nature's prideful sparkle in the blood  
Break into furious flame ; being repulsed  
By Yniol and yourself, I schemed and wrought  
Until I overturn'd him ; then set up

(With one main purpose ever at my heart)  
My haughty jousts, and took a paramour ;  
Did her mock-honour as the fairest fair,  
And, toppling over all antagonism,  
So wax'd in pride, that I believed myself  
Unconquerable, for I was well-nigh mad :  
And, but for my main purpose in these jousts,  
I should have slain your father, seized yourself.  
I lived in hope that sometime you would come  
To these my lists with him whom best you loved ;  
And there, poor cousin, with your meek blue eyes,  
The truest eyes that ever answer'd heaven,  
Behold me overturn and trample on him.  
Then, had you cried, or knelt, or pray'd to me,  
I should not less have kill'd him. And you came,—  
But once you came,—and with your own true eyes  
Beheld the man you loved (I speak as one  
Speaks of a service done him) overthrow  
My proud self, and my purpose three years old,  
And set his foot upon me, and give me life.

There was I broken down ; there was I saved :  
Tho' thence I rode all-shamed, hating the life  
He gave me, meaning to be rid of it.  
And all the penance the Queen laid upon me  
Was but to rest awhile within her court ;  
Where first as sullen as a beast new-caged,  
And waiting to be treated like a wolf,  
Because I knew my deeds were known, I found,  
Instead of scornful pity or pure scorn,  
Such fine reserve and noble reticence,  
Manners so kind, yet stately, such a grace  
Of tenderest courtesy, that I began  
To glance behind me at my former life,  
And find that it had been the wolf's indeed :  
And oft I talk'd with Dubric, the high saint,  
Who, with mild heat of holy oratory,  
Subdued me somewhat to that gentleness,  
Which, when it weds with manhood, makes a man.  
And you were often there about the Queen,  
But saw me not, or mark'd not if you saw ;

Nor did I care or dare to speak with you,  
But kept myself aloof till I was changed ;  
And fear not, cousin ; I am changed indeed.'

He spoke, and Enid easily believed,  
Like simple noble natures, credulous  
Of what they long for, good in friend or foe,  
There most in those who most have done them ill.  
And when they reach'd the camp the King himself  
Advanced to greet them, and beholding her  
Tho' pale, yet happy, ask'd her not a word,  
But went apart with Edyrn, whom he held  
In converse for a little, and return'd,  
And, gravely smiling, lifted her from horse,  
And kiss'd her with all pureness, brother-like,  
And show'd an empty tent allotted her,  
And glancing for a minute, till he saw her  
Pass into it, turn'd to the Prince, and said :

' Prince, when of late you pray'd me for my leave



To move to your own land, and there defend  
Your marches, I was prick'd with some reproof,  
As one that let foul wrong stagnate and be,  
By having look'd too much thro' alien eyes,  
And wrought too long with delegated hands,  
Not used mine own : but now behold me come  
To cleanse this common sewer of all my realm,  
With Edyrn and with others : have you look'd  
At Edyrn ? have you seen how nobly changed ?  
This work of his is great and wonderful.  
His very face with change of heart is changed.  
The world will not believe a man repents :  
And this wise world of ours is mainly right.  
Full seldom *does* a man repent, or use  
Both grace and will to pick the vicious quitch  
Of blood and custom wholly out of him,  
And make all clean, and plant himself afresh.  
Edyrn has done it, weeding all his heart  
As I will weed this land before I go.  
I, therefore, made him of our Table Round,

Not rashly, but have proved him everyway  
One of our noblest, our most valorous,  
Sanest and most obedient : and indeed  
This work of Edyrn wrought upon himself  
After a life of violence, seems to me  
A thousand-fold more great and wonderful  
Than if some knight of mine, risking his life,  
My subject with my subjects under him,  
Should make an onslaught single on a realm  
Of robbers, tho' he slew them one by one,  
And were himself nigh wounded to the death.'

So spake the King ; low bow'd the Prince, and felt  
His work was neither great nor wonderful,  
And past to Enid's tent ; and thither came  
The King's own leech to look into his hurt ;  
And Enid tended on him there ; and there  
Her constant motion round him, and the breath  
Of her sweet tendance hovering over him,  
Fill'd all the genial courses of his blood

With deeper and with ever deeper love,  
As the south-west that blowing Bala lake  
Fills all the sacred Dee. So past the days.

But while Geraint lay healing of his hurt,  
The blameless King went forth and cast his eyes  
On whom his father Uther left in charge  
Long since, to guard the justice of the King :  
He look'd and found them wanting ; and as now  
Men weed the white horse on the Berkshire hills  
To keep him bright and clean as heretofore,  
He rooted out the slothful officer  
Or guilty, which for bribe had wink'd at wrong,  
And in their chairs set up a stronger race  
With hearts and hands, and sent a thousand men  
To till the wastes, and moving everywhere  
Clear'd the dark places and let in the law,  
And broke the bandit holds and cleansed the land.

Then, when Geraint was whole again, they past

With Arthur to Caerleon upon Usk.

There the great Queen once more embraced her friend,

And clothed her in apparel like the day.

And tho' Geraint could never take again

That comfort from their converse which he took

Before the Queen's fair name was breathed upon,

He rested well content that all was well.

Thence after tarrying for a space they rode,

And fifty knights rode with them to the shores

Of Severn, and they past to their own land.

And there he kept the justice of the King

So vigorously yet mildly, that all hearts

Applauded, and the spiteful whisper died :

And being ever foremost in the chase,

And victor at the tilt and tournament,

They call'd him the great Prince and man of men.

But Enid, whom her ladies loved to call

Enid the Fair, a grateful people named

Enid the Good ; and in their halls arose

The cry of children, Enids and Geraints

Of times to be ; nor did he doubt her more  
But rested in her féalty, till he crown'd  
A happy life with a fair death, and fell  
Against the heathen of the Northern Sea  
In battle, fighting for the blameless King.



VIVIEN.





## VIVIEN.



A STORM was coming, but the winds were still,  
And in the wild woods of Broceliande,  
Before an oak, so hollow huge and old  
It look'd a tower of ruin'd masonwork,  
At Merlin's feet the wily Vivien lay.

The wily Vivien stole from Arthur's court:  
She hated all the knights, and heard in thought  
Their lavish comment when her name was named.  
For once, when Arthur walking all alone,  
Vext at a rumour rife about the Queen,  
Had met her, Vivien, being greeted fair,  
Would fain have wrought upon his cloudy mood

With reverent eyes mock-loyal, shaken voice,  
And flutter'd adoration, and at last  
With dark sweet hints of some who prized him more  
Than who should prize him most ; at which the King  
Had gazed upon her blankly and gone by :  
But one had watch'd, and had not held his peace :  
It made the laughter of an afternoon  
That Vivien should attempt the blameless King.  
And after that, she set herself to gain  
Him, the most famous man of all those times,  
Merlin, who knew the range of all their arts,  
Had built the King his havens, ships, and halls,  
Was also Bard, and knew the starry heavens ;  
The people called him Wizard ; whom at first  
She play'd about with slight and sprightly talk,  
And vivid smiles, and faintly-venom'd points  
Of slander, glancing here and grazing there ;  
And yielding to his kindlier moods, the Seer  
Would watch her at her petulance, and play,  
Ev'n when they seem'd unloveable, and laugh

As those that watch a kitten ; thus he grew  
Tolerant of what he half disdain'd, and she,  
Perceiving that she was but half disdain'd,  
Began to break her sports with graver fits,  
Turn red or pale, would often when they met  
Sigh fully, or all-silent gaze upon him  
With such a fixt devotion, that the old man,  
Tho' doubtful, felt the flattery, and at times  
Would flatter his own wish in age for love,  
And half believe her true : for thus at times  
He waver'd ; but that other clung to him,  
Fixt in her will, and so the seasons went.  
Then fell upon him a great melancholy ;  
And leaving Arthur's court he gain'd the beach ;  
There found a little boat, and stept into it :  
And Vivien follow'd, but he mark'd her not.  
She took the helm and he the sail ; the boat  
Drave with a sudden wind across the deeps,  
And touching Breton sands, they disembark'd.  
And then she follow'd Merlin all the way,

Ev'n to the wild woods of Broceliande.  
For Merlin once had told her of a charm,  
The which if any wrought on any one  
With woven paces and with waving arms,  
The man so wrought on ever seem'd to lie  
Closed in the four walls of a hollow tower,  
From which was no escape for evermore ;  
And none could find that man for evermore,  
Nor could he see but him who wrought the charm  
Coming and going, and he lay as dead  
And lost to life and use and name and fame.  
And Vivien ever sought to work the charm  
Upon the great Enchanter of the Time,  
As fancying that her glory would be great  
According to his greatness whom she quench'd.

There lay she all her length and kiss'd his feet,  
As if in deepest reverence and in love.  
A twist of gold was round her hair ; a robe  
Of samite without price, that more exprest

Than hid her, clung about her lissome limbs,  
In colour like the satin-shining palm  
On shallows in the windy gleams of March :  
And while she kiss'd them, crying, ' Trample me,  
Dear feet, that I have follow'd thro' the world,  
And I will pay you worship ; tread me down  
And I will kiss you for it ; ' he was mute :  
So dark a forethought roll'd about his brain,  
As on a dull day in an Ocean cave  
The blind wave feeling round his long sea-hall  
In silence : wherefore, when she lifted up  
A face of sad appeal, and spake and said,  
' O Merlin, do you love me ? ' and again,  
' O Merlin, do you love me ? ' and once more,  
' Great Master, do you love me ? ' he was mute.  
And lissome Vivien, holding by his heel,  
Writhed toward him, slid up his knee and sat,  
Behind his ankle twined her hollow feet  
Together, curved an arm about his neck,  
Clung like a snake ; and letting her left hand

Droop from his mighty shoulder, as a leaf,  
Made with her right a comb of pearl to part  
The lists of such a beard as youth gone out  
Had left in ashes : then he spoke and said,  
Not looking at her, ‘who are wise in love  
Love most, say least,’ and Vivien answer’d quick,  
‘I saw the little elf-god eyeless once  
In Arthur’s arras hall at Camelot :  
But neither eyes nor tongue—O stupid child !  
Yet you are wise who say it ; let me think  
Silence is wisdom : I am silent then  
And ask no kiss ;’ then adding all at once,  
‘And lo, I clothe myself with wisdom,’ drew  
The vast and shaggy mantle of his beard  
Across her neck and bosom to her knee,  
And call’d herself a gilded summer fly  
Caught in a great old tyrant spider’s web,  
Who meant to eat her up in that wild wood  
Without one word. So Vivien call’d herself,  
But rather seem’d a lovely baleful star

Veil'd in gray vapour ; till he sadly smiled :  
'To what request for what strange boon,' he said,  
'Are these your pretty tricks and fooleries,  
O Vivien, the preamble ? yet my thanks,  
For these have broken up my melancholy.'

And Vivien answer'd smiling saucily,  
'What, O my Master, have you found your voice ?  
I bid the stranger welcome. Thanks at last !  
But yesterday you never open'd lip,  
Except indeed to drink : no cup had we :  
In mine own lady palms I cull'd the spring  
That gather'd trickling dropwise from the cleft,  
And made a pretty cup of both my hands  
And offer'd you it kneeling : then you drank  
And knew no more, nor gave me one poor word ;  
O no more thanks than might a goat have given  
With no more sign of reverence than a beard.  
And when we halted at that other well,  
And I was faint to swooning, and you lay

Foot-gilt with all the blossom-dust of those  
Deep meadows we had traversed, did you know  
That Vivien bathed your feet before her own ?  
And yet no thanks : and all thro' this wild wood  
And all this morning when I fondled you :  
Boon, yes, there was a boon, one not so strange—  
How had I wrong'd you ? surely you are wise,  
But such a silence is more wise than kind.'

And Merlin lock'd his hand in hers and said ;  
' O did you never lie upon the shore,  
And watch the curl'd white of the coming wave  
Glass'd in the slippery sand before it breaks ?  
Ev'n such a wave, but not so pleasurable,  
Dark in the glass of some presageful mood,  
Had I for three days seen, ready to fall.  
And then I rose and fled from Arthur's court  
To break the mood. You follow'd me unask'd ;  
And when I look'd, and saw you following still,  
My mind involved yourself the nearest thing



In that mind-mist : for shall I tell you truth ?  
*You* seem'd that wave about to break upon me  
And sweep me from my hold upon the world,  
My use and name and fame. Your pardon, child.  
Your pretty sports have brighten'd all again.  
And ask your boon, for boon I owe you thrice,  
Once for wrong done you by confusion, next  
For thanks it seems till now neglected, last  
For these your dainty gambols : wherefore ask ;  
And take this boon so strange and not so strange.'

And Vivien answer'd smiling mournfully ;  
' O not so strange as my long asking it,  
Nor yet so strange as you yourself are strange,  
Nor half so strange as that dark mood of yours.  
I ever fear'd you were not wholly mine ;  
And see, yourself have own'd you did me wrong.  
The people call you prophet : let it be :  
But not of those that can expound themselves.  
Take Vivien for expounder ; she will call

That three-days-long presageful gloom of yours  
No presage, but the same mistrustful mood  
That makes you seem less noble than yourself,  
Whenever I have ask'd this very boon,  
Now ask'd again : for see you not, dear love,  
That such a mood as that, which lately gloom'd  
Your fancy when you saw me following you,  
Must make me fear still more you are not mine,  
Must make me yearn still more to prove you mine,  
And make me wish still more to learn this charm  
Of woven paces and of waving hands,  
As proof of trust. O, Merlin, teach it me.  
The charm so taught will charm us both to rest.  
For, grant me some slight power upon your fate,  
I, feeling that you felt me worthy trust,  
Should rest and let you rest, knowing you mine.  
And therefore be as great as you are named,  
Not muffled round with selfish reticence.  
How hard you look and how denyingly !  
O, if you think this wickedness in me,

That I should prove it on you unawares,  
To make you lose your use and name and fame,  
That makes me most indignant ; then our bond  
Had best be loosed for ever : but think or not,  
By Heaven that hears I tell you the clean truth,  
As clean as blood of babes, as white as milk :  
O Merlin, may this earth, if ever I,  
If these unwitty wandering wits of mine,  
Ev'n in the jumbled rubbish of a dream,  
Have tript on such conjectural treachery—  
May this hard earth cleave to the Nadir hell  
Down, down, and close again, and nip me flat,  
If I be such a traitress. Yield my boon,  
Till which I scarce can yield you all I am ;  
And grant my re-reiterated wish,  
The great proof of your love : because I think,  
However wise, you hardly know me yet.'

And Merlin loosed his hand from hers and said,  
'I never was less wise, however wise,

Too curious Vivien, tho' you talk of trust,  
Than when I told you first of such a charm.  
Yea, if you talk of trust I tell you this,  
Too much I trusted, when I told you that,  
And stirr'd this vice in you which ruin'd man  
Thro' woman the first hour ; for howsoe'er  
In children a great curiousness be well,  
Who have to learn themselves and all the world,  
In you, that are no child, for still I find  
Your face is practised, when I spell the lines,  
I call it,—well, I will not call it vice :  
But since you name yourself the summer fly,  
I well could wish a cobweb for the gnat,  
That settles, beaten back, and beaten back  
Settles, till one could yield for weariness :  
But since I will not yield to give you power  
Upon my life and use and name and fame,  
Why will you never ask some other boon ?  
Yea, by God's rood, I trusted you too much.'

And Vivien, like the tenderest-hearted maid  
That ever bided tryst at village stile,  
Made answer, either eyelid wet with tears.  
' Nay, master, be not wrathful with your maid ;  
Caress her : let her feel herself forgiven  
Who feels no heart to ask another boon.  
I think you hardly know the tender rhyme  
Of " trust me not at all or all in all."  
I heard the great Sir Lancelot sing it once,  
And it shall answer for me. Listen to it.

" In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,  
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers :  
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

" It is the little rift within the lute,  
That by and by will make the music mute,  
And ever widening slowly silence all.

" The little rift within the lover's lute,

Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,  
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

“ It is not worth the keeping : let it go :  
But shall it ? answer, darling, answer, no.  
And trust me not at all or all in all.”

O, master, do you love my tender rhyme ?’

And Merlin look'd and half believed her true,  
So tender was her voice, so fair her face,  
So sweetly gleam'd her eyes behind her tears  
Like sunlight on the plain behind a shower :  
And yet he answer'd half indignantly.

‘ Far other was the song that once I heard  
By this huge oak, sung nearly where we sit :  
For here we met, some ten or twelve of us,  
To chase a creature that was current then  
In these wild woods, the hart with golden horns.

It was the time when first the question rose  
About the founding of a Table Round,  
That was to be, for love of God and men  
And noble deeds, the flower of all the world.  
And each incited each to noble deeds.  
And while we waited, one, the youngest of us,  
We could not keep him silent, out he flash'd,  
And into such a song, such fire for fame,  
Such trumpet-blowings in it, coming down  
To such a stern and iron-clashing close,  
That when he stopt we long'd to hurl together,  
And should have done it ; but the beauteous beast  
Scared by the noise upstarted at our feet,  
And like a silver shadow slipt away  
Thro' the dim land ; and all day long we rode  
Thro' the dim land against a rushing wind,  
That glorious roundel echoing in our ears,  
And chased the flashes of his golden horns  
Until they vanish'd by the fairy well  
That laughs at iron—as our warriors did—

Where children cast their pins and nails, and cry,  
“Laugh, little well,” but touch it with a sword,  
It buzzes wildly round the point ; and there  
We lost him : such a noble song was that.  
But, Vivien, when you sang me that sweet rhyme,  
I felt as tho’ you knew this cursed charm,  
Were proving it on me, and that I lay  
And felt them slowly ebbing, name and fame.’

And Vivien answer’d smiling mournfully ;  
‘ O mine have ebb’d away for evermore,  
And all thro’ following you to this wild wood,  
Because I saw you sad, to comfort you.  
Lo now, what hearts have men ! they never mount  
As high as woman in her selfless mood.  
And touching fame, howe’er you scorn my song  
Take one verse more—the lady speaks it—this :

“ My name, once mine, now thine, is closelier mine,  
For fame, could fame be mine, that fame were thine,



And shame, could shame be thine, that shame were mine.  
So trust me not at all or all in all.”

‘Says she not well ? and there is more—this rhyme  
Is like the fair pearl-necklace of the Queen,  
That burst in dancing, and the pearls were spilt ;  
Some lost, some stolen, some as relics kept.  
But nevermore the same two sister pearls  
Ran down the silken thread to kiss each other  
On her white neck—so is it with this rhyme :  
It lives dispersedly in many hands,  
And every minstrel sings it differently ;  
Yet is there one true line, the pearl of pearls ;  
“ Man dreams of Fame while woman wakes to love.”  
True : Love, tho’ Love were of the grossest, carves  
A portion from the solid present, eats  
And uses, careless of the rest ; but Fame,  
The Fame that follows death is nothing to us ;  
And what is Fame in life but half-disfame,  
And counterchanged with darkness ? you yourself

Know well that Envy calls you Devil's son,  
And since you seem the Master of all Art,  
They fain would make you Master of all Vice.'

And Merlin lock'd his hand in hers and said,  
'I once was looking for a magic weed,  
And found a fair young squire who sat alone,  
Had carved himself a knightly shield of wood,  
And then was painting on it fancied arms,  
Azure, an Eagle rising or, the Sun  
In dexter chief ; the scroll "I follow fame."  
And speaking not, but leaning over him,  
I took his brush and blotted out the bird,  
And made a Gardener putting in a graff,  
With this for motto, "Rather use than fame."  
You should have seen him blush ; but afterwards  
He made a stalwart knight. O Vivien,  
For you, methinks you think you love me well ;  
For me, I love you somewhat ; rest : and Love  
Should have some rest and pleasure in himself,

Not ever be too curious for a boon,  
Too prurient for a proof against the grain  
Of him you say you love : but Fame with men,  
Being but ampler means to serve mankind,  
Should have small rest or pleasure in herself,  
But work as vassal to the larger love,  
That dwarfs the petty love of one to one.  
Use gave me Fame at first, and Fame again  
Increasing gave me use. Lo, there my boon !  
What other ? for men sought to prove me vile,  
Because I wish'd to give them greater minds :  
And then did Envy call me Devil's son :  
The sick weak beast seeking to help herself  
By striking at her better, miss'd, and brought  
Her own claw back, and wounded her own heart.  
Sweet were the days when I was all unknown,  
But when my name was lifted up, the storm  
Broke on the mountain and I cared not for it.  
Right well know I that Fame is half-disfame,  
Yet needs must work my work. That other fame,

To one at least, who hath not children, vague,  
The cackle of the unborn about the grave,  
I cared not for it : a single misty star,  
Which is the second in a line of stars  
That seem a sword beneath a belt of three,  
I never gazed upon it but I dreamt  
Of some vast charm concluded in that star  
To make fame nothing. Wherefore, if I fear,  
Giving you power upon me thro' this charm,  
That you might play me falsely, having power,  
However well you think you love me now  
(As sons of kings loving in pupillage  
Have turn'd to tyrants when they came to power)  
I rather dread the loss of use than fame ;  
If you—and not so much from wickedness,  
As some wild turn of anger, or a mood  
Of overstrain'd affection, it may be,  
To keep me all to your own self, or else  
A sudden spurt of woman's jealousy,  
Should try this charm on whom you say you love.'

And Vivien answer'd smiling as in wrath.  
'Have I not sworn? I am not trusted. Good!  
Well, hide it, hide it; I shall find it out;  
And being found take heed of Vivien.  
A woman and not trusted, doubtless I  
Might feel some sudden turn of anger born  
Of your misfaith; and your fine epithet  
Is accurate too, for this full love of mine  
Without the full heart back may merit well  
Your term of overstrain'd. So used as I,  
My daily wonder is, I love at all.  
And as to woman's jealousy, O why not?  
O to what end, except a jealous one,  
And one to make me jealous if I love,  
Was this fair charm invented by yourself?  
I well believe that all about this world  
You cage a buxom captive here and there,  
Closed in the four walls of a hollow tower  
From which is no escape for evermore.'

Then the great Master merrily answer'd her.  
' Full many a love in loving youth was mine,  
I needed then no charm to keep them mine  
But youth and love ; and that full heart of yours  
Whereof you prattle, may now assure you mine ;  
So live uncharm'd. For those who wrought it first,  
The wrist is parted from the hand that waved,  
The feet unmortised from their ankle-bones  
Who paced it, ages back : but will you hear  
The legend as in guerdon for your rhyme ?

' There lived a king in the most Eastern East,  
Less old than I, yet older, for my blood  
Hath earnest in it of far springs to be.  
A tawny pirate anchor'd in his port,  
Whose bark had plunder'd twenty nameless isles ;  
And passing one, at the high peep of dawn,  
He saw two cities in a thousand boats  
All fighting for a woman on the sea.  
And pushing his black craft among them all,

He lightly scatter'd theirs and brought her off,  
With loss of half his people arrow-slain ;  
A maid so smooth, so white, so wonderful,  
They said a light came from her when she moved :  
And since the pirate would not yield her up,  
The King impaled him for his piracy ;  
Then made her Queen : but those isle-nurtur'd eyes  
Waged such unwilling tho' successful war  
On all the youth, they sicken'd ; councils thinn'd,  
And armies waned, for magnet-like she drew  
The rustiest iron of old fighters' hearts ;  
And beasts themselves would worship ; camels knelt  
Unbidden, and the brutes of mountain back  
That carry kings in castles, bow'd black knees  
Of homage, ringing with their serpent hands,  
To make her smile, her golden ankle-bells.  
What wonder, being jealous, that he sent  
His horns of proclamation out thro' all  
The hundred under-kingdoms that he sway'd  
To find a wizard who might teach the King

Some charm, which being wrought upon the Queen  
Might keep her all his own : to such a one  
He promised more than ever king has given,  
A league of mountain full of golden mines,  
A province with a hundred miles of coast,  
A palace and a princess, all for him :  
But on all those who tried and fail'd, the King  
Pronounced a dismal sentence, meaning by it  
To keep the list low and pretenders back,  
Or like a king, not to be trifled with—  
Their heads should moulder on the city gates.  
And many tried and fail'd, because the charm  
Of nature in her overbore their own :  
And many a wizard brow bleach'd on the walls :  
And many weeks a troop of carrion crows  
Hung like a cloud above the gateway towers.'

And Vivien breaking in upon him, said:

'I sit and gather honey ; yet, methinks,

Your tongue has tript a little : ask yourself.



The lady never made *unwilling* war  
With those fine eyes : she had her pleasure in it,  
And made her good man jealous with good cause.  
And lived there neither dame nor damsel then  
Wroth at a lover's loss ? were all as tame,  
I mean, as noble, as their Queen was fair ?  
Not one to flirt a venom at her eyes,  
Or pinch a murderous dust into her drink,  
Or make her paler with a poison'd rose ?  
Well, those were not our days : but did they find  
A wizard ? Tell me, was he like to thee ?

She ceased, and made her lithe arm round his neck  
Tighten, and then drew back, and let her eyes  
Speak for her, glowing on him, like a bride's  
On her new lord, her own, the first of men.

He answer'd laughing, 'Nay, not like to me.  
At last they found—his foragers for charms—  
A little glassy-headed hairless man,

Who lived alone in a great wild on grass ;  
Read but one book, and ever reading grew  
So grated down and filed away with thought,  
So lean his eyes were monstrous ; while the skin  
Clung but to crate and basket, ribs and spine.  
And since he kept his mind on one sole aim,  
Nor ever touch'd fierce wine, nor tasted flesh,  
Nor own'd a sensual wish, to him the wall  
That sunders ghosts and shadow-casting men  
Became a crystal, and he saw them thro' it,  
And heard their voices talk behind the wall,  
And learnt their elemental secrets, powers  
And forces ; often o'er the sun's bright eye  
Drew the vast eyelid of an inky cloud,  
And lash'd it at the base with slanting storm ;  
Or in the noon of mist and driving rain,  
When the lake whiten'd and the pinewood roar'd,  
And the cairn'd mountain was a shadow, sunn'd  
The world to peace again : here was the man.  
And so by force they dragg'd him to the King.

And then he taught the King to charm the Queen  
In such-wise, that no man could see her more,  
Nor saw she save the King, who wrought the charm,  
Coming and going, and she lay as dead,  
And lost all use of life : but when the King  
Made proffer of the league of golden mines,  
The province with a hundred miles of coast,  
The palace and the princess, that old man  
Went back to his old wild, and lived on grass,  
And vanish'd, and his book came down to me.'

And Vivien answer'd smiling saucily ;  
' You have the book : the charm is written in it :  
Good : take my counsel : let me know it at once :  
For keep it like a puzzle chest in chest,  
With each chest lock'd and padlock'd thirty-fold,  
And whelm all this beneath as vast a mound  
As after furious battle turfs the slain  
On some wild down above the windy deep,  
I yet should strike upon a sudden means

To dig, pick, open, find and read the charm :  
Then, if I tried it, who should blame me then ?

And smiling as a Master smiles at one  
That is not of his school, nor any school  
But that where blind and naked Ignorance  
Delivers brawling judgments, unashamed,  
On all things all day long ; he answer'd her.

‘ *You* read the book, my pretty Vivien !  
O ay, it is but twenty pages long,  
But every page having an ample marge,  
And every marge enclosing in the midst  
A square of text that looks a little blot,  
The text no larger than the limbs of fleas ;  
And every square of text an awful charm,  
Writ in a language that has long gone by.  
So long, that mountains have arisen since  
With cities on their flanks—*you* read the book !  
And every margin scribbled, crost, and cramm'd

With comment, densest condensation, hard  
To mind and eye ; but the long sleepless nights  
Of my long life have made it easy to me.  
And none can read the text, not even I ;  
And none can read the comment but myself ;  
And in the comment did I find the charm.  
O, the results are simple ; a mere child  
Might use it to the harm of any one,  
And never could undo it : ask no more :  
For tho' you should not prove it upon me,  
But keep that oath you swore, you might, perchance,  
Assay it on some one of the Table Round,  
And all because you dream they babble of you.'

And Vivien, frowning in true anger, said :  
' What dare the full-fed liars say of me ?  
*They* ride abroad redressing human wrongs !  
They sit with knife in meat and wine in horn.  
*They* bound to holy vows of chastity !  
Were I not woman, I could tell a tale.

But you are man, you well can understand  
The shame that cannot be explain'd for shame.  
Not one of all the drove should touch me : swine !'

Then answer'd Merlin careless of her words.  
' You breathe but accusation vast and vague,  
Spleen-born, I think, and proofless. If you know,  
Set up the charge you know, to stand or fall !'

And Vivien answer'd frowning wrathfully.  
' O ay, what say ye to Sir Valence, him  
Whose kinsman left him watcher o'er his wife  
And two fair babes, and went to distant lands ;  
Was one year gone, and on returning found  
Not two but three : there lay the reckling, one  
But one hour old ! What said the happy sire ?  
A seven months' babe had been a truer gift.  
Those twelve sweet moons confused his fatherhood.'

Then answer'd Merlin ' Nay, I know the tale.

Sir Valence wedded with an outland dame :  
 Some cause had kept him sunder'd from his wife :  
 One child they had : it lived with her : she died :  
 His kinsman travelling on his own affair  
 Was charged by Valence to bring home the child.  
 He brought, not found it therefore : take the truth.'

'O ay,' said Vivien, 'overtrue a tale.  
 What say ye then to sweet Sir Sagramore,  
 That ardent man ? "to pluck the flower in season ;"  
 So says the song, "I trow it is no treason."  
 O Master, shall we call him overquick  
 To crop his own sweet rose before the hour ?'

And Merlin answer'd 'Overquick are you  
 To catch a lothly plume fall'n from the wing  
 Of that foul bird of rapine whose whole prey  
 Is man's good name : he never wrong'd his bride.  
 I know the tale. An angry gust of wind  
 Puff'd out his torch among the myriad-room'd

And many-corridor'd complexities  
Of Arthur's palace : then he found a door  
And darkling felt the sculptured ornament  
That wreathen round it made it seem his own ;  
And wearied out made for the couch and slept,  
A stainless man beside a stainless maid ;  
And either slept, nor knew of other there ;  
Till the high dawn piercing the royal rose  
In Arthur's casement glimmer'd chastely down,  
Blushing upon them blushing, and at once  
He rose without a word and parted from her :  
But when the thing was blazed about the court,  
The brute world howling forced them into bonds,  
And as it chanced they are happy, being pure.'

'O ay,' said Vivien, 'that were likely too.  
What say ye then to fair Sir Percivale  
And of the horrid foulness that he wrought,  
The saintly youth, the spotless lamb of Christ,  
Or some black wether of St. Satan's fold.



What, in the precincts of the chapel-yard,  
 Among the knightly brasses of the graves,  
 And by the cold Hic Jacets of the dead !'

And Merlin answer'd careless of her charge.

' A sober man is Percivale and pure ;  
 But once in life was fluster'd with new wine,  
 Then paced for coolness in the chapel-yard ;  
 Where one of Satan's shepherdesses caught  
 And meant to stamp him with her master's mark ;  
 And that he sinn'd, is not believable ;  
 For, look upon his face !—but if he sinn'd,  
 The sin that practice burns into the blood,  
 And not the one dark hour which brings remorse,  
 Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be :  
 Or else were he, the holy king, whose hymns  
 Are chanted in the minster, worse than all.  
 But is your spleen froth'd out, or have ye more ?'

And Vivien answer'd frowning yet in wrath ;

‘ O ay ; what say ye to Sir Lancelot, friend ?  
 Traitor or true ? that commerce with the Queen,  
 I ask you, is it clamour’d by the child,  
 Or whisper’d in the corner ? do you know it ?’

To which he answer’d sadly, ‘ Yea, I know it.  
 Sir Lancelot went ambassador, at first,  
 To fetch her, and she took him for the King ;  
 So fixt her fancy on him : let him be.  
 But have you no one word of loyal praise  
 For Arthur, blameless King and stainless man ?’

She answer’d with a low and chuckling laugh ;  
 ‘ Him ? is he man at all, who knows and winks ?  
 Sees what his fair bride is and does, and winks ?  
 By which the good king means to blind himself,  
 And blinds himself and all the Table Round  
 To all the foulness that they work. Myself  
 Could call him (were it not for womanhood)  
 The pretty, popular name such manhood earns,

Could call him the main cause of all their crime ;  
Yea, were he not crown'd king, coward, and fool.'

Then Merlin to his own heart, loathing, said ;  
' O true and tender ! O my liege and king !  
O selfless man and stainless gentleman,  
Who would'st against thine own eye-witness fain  
Have all men true and leal, all women pure ;  
How, in the mouths of base interpreters,  
From over-fineness not intelligible  
To things with every sense as false and foul  
As the poach'd filth that floods the middle street,  
Is thy white blamelessness accounted blame !'

But Vivien deeming Merlin overborne  
By instance, recommenced, and let her tongue  
Rage like a fire among the noblest names,  
Polluting, and imputing her whole self,  
Defaming and defacing, till she left  
Not even Lancelot brave, nor Galahad clean.

Her words had issue other than she will'd.  
He dragg'd his eyebrow bushes down, and made  
A snowy penthouse for his hollow eyes,  
And mutter'd in himself, 'tell *her* the charm !  
So, if she had it, would she rail on me  
To snare the next, and if she have it not,  
So will she rail. What did the wanton say ?  
" Not mount as high ;" we scarce can sink as low :  
For men at most differ as Heaven and earth,  
But women, worst and best, as Heaven and Hell.  
I know the Table Round, my friends of old ;  
All brave, and many generous, and some chaste.  
I think she cloaks the wounds of loss with lies ;  
I do believe she tempted them and fail'd,  
She is so bitter : for fine plots may fail,  
Tho' harlots paint their talk as well as face  
With colours of the heart that are not theirs.  
I will not let her know : nine tithes of times  
Face-flatterers and backbiters are the same.  
And they, sweet soul, that most impute a crime

Are pronest to it, and impute themselves,  
Wanting the mental range ; or low desire  
Not to feel lowest makes them level all ;  
Yea, they would pare the mountain to the plain,  
To leave an equal baseness ; and in this  
Are harlots like the crowd, that if they find  
Some stain or blemish in a name of note,  
Not grieving that their greatest are so small,  
Inflate themselves with some insane delight,  
And judge all nature from her feet of clay,  
Without the will to lift their eyes, and see  
Her godlike head crown'd with spiritual fire,  
And touching other worlds. I am weary of her.'

He spoke in words part heard, in whispers part,  
Half-suffocated in the hoary fell  
And many-winter'd fleece of throat and chin.  
But Vivien, gathering somewhat of his mood,  
And hearing 'harlot' mutter'd twice or thrice,  
Leapt from her session on his lap, and stood

Stiff as a viper frozen ; loathsome sight,  
How from the rosy lips of life and love,  
Flash'd the bare-grinning skeleton of death !  
White was her cheek ; sharp breaths of anger puff'd  
Her fairy nostril out ; her hand half-clench'd  
Went faltering sideways downward to her belt,  
And feeling ; had she found a dagger there  
(For in a wink the false love turns to hate)  
She would have stabb'd him ; but she found it not :  
His eye was calm, and suddenly she took  
To bitter weeping like a beaten child,  
A long, long weeping, not consolable.  
Then her false voice made way broken with sobs.

‘ O crueller than was ever told in tale,  
Or sung in song ! O vainly lavish'd love !  
O cruel, there was nothing wild or strange,  
Or seeming shameful, for what shame in love,  
So love be true, and not as yours is—nothing  
Poor Vivien had not done to win his trust

Who call'd her what he call'd her—all her crime,  
All—all—the wish to prove him wholly hers.'

She mused a little, and then clapt her hands  
Together with a wailing shriek, and said :  
' Stabb'd through the heart's affections to the heart !  
Seeth'd like the kid in its own mother's milk !  
Kill'd with a word worse than a life of blows !  
I thought that he was gentle, being great :  
O God, that I had loved a smaller man !  
I should have found in him a greater heart.  
O, I, that flattering my true passion, saw  
The knights, the court, the king, dark in your light,  
Who loved to make men darker than they are,  
Because of that high pleasure which I had  
To seat you sole upon my pedestal  
Of worship—I am answer'd, and henceforth  
The course of life that seem'd so flowery to me  
With you for guide and master, only you,  
Becomes the sea-cliff pathway broken short,

And ending in a ruin—nothing left,  
But into some low cave to crawl, and there,  
If the wolf spare me, weep my life away,  
Kill'd with inutterable unkindliness.'

She paused, she turn'd away, she hung her head,  
The snake of gold slid from her hair, the braid  
Slipt and uncoil'd itself, she wept afresh,  
And the dark wood grew darker toward the storm  
In silence, while his anger slowly died  
Within him, till he let his wisdom go  
For ease of heart, and half believed her true :  
Call'd her to shelter in the hollow oak,  
'Come from the storm' and having no reply,  
Gazed at the heaving shoulder, and the face  
Hand-hidden, as for utmost grief or shame ;  
Then thrice essay'd, by tenderest-touching terms  
To sleek her ruffled peace of mind, in vain.  
At last she let herself be conquer'd by him,  
And as the cageling newly flown returns,



The seeming-injured simple-hearted thing  
Came to her old perch back, and settled there.  
There while she sat, half-falling from his knees,  
Half-nestled at his heart, and since he saw  
The slow tear creep from her closed eyelid yet,  
About her, more in kindness than in love,  
The gentle wizard cast a shielding arm.  
But she dislink'd herself at once and rose,  
Her arms upon her breast across, and stood  
A virtuous gentlewoman deeply wrong'd,  
Upright and flush'd before him : then she said :

‘ There must be now no passages of love  
Betwixt us twain henceforward evermore.  
Since, if I be what I am grossly call'd,  
What should be granted which your own gross heart  
Would reckon worth the taking ? I will go.  
In truth, but one thing now—better have died  
Thrice than have ask'd it once—could make me stay—  
That proof of trust—so often ask'd in vain !

How justly, after that vile term of yours,  
I find with grief ! I might believe you then,  
Who knows ? once more. O, what was once to me  
Mere matter of the fancy, now has grown  
The vast necessity of heart and life.  
Farewell ; think kindly of me, for I fear  
My fate or fault, omitting gayer youth  
For one so old, must be to love you still.  
But ere I leave you let me swear once more  
That if I schemed against your peace in this,  
May you just heaven, that darkens o'er me, send  
One flash, that, missing all things else, may make  
My scheming brain a cinder, if I lie.'

Scarce had she ceased, when out of heaven a bolt  
(For now the storm was close above them) struck,  
Furrowing a giant oak, and javelining  
With darted spikes and splinters of the wood  
The dark earth round. He raised his eyes and saw  
The tree that shone white-listed thro' the gloom.

But Vivien, fearing heaven had heard her oath,  
And dazzled by the livid-flickering fork,  
And deafen'd with the stammering cracks and claps  
That follow'd, flying back and crying out,  
'O Merlin, tho' you do not love me, save,  
Yet save me !' clung to him and hugg'd him close ;  
And call'd him dear protector in her fright,  
Nor yet forgot her practice in her fright,  
But wrought upon his mood and hugg'd him close.  
The pale blood of the wizard at her touch  
Took gayer colours, like an opal warm'd.  
She blamed herself for telling hearsay tales :  
She shook from fear, and for her fault she wept  
Of petulancy ; she call'd him lord and liege,  
Her seer, her bard, her silver star of eve,  
Her God, her Merlin, the one passionate love  
Of her whole life ; and ever overhead  
Bellow'd the tempest, and the rotten branch  
Snapt in the rushing of the river-rain  
Above them ; and in change of glare and gloom

Her eyes and neck glittering went and came ;  
Till now the storm, its burst of passion spent,  
Moaning and calling out of other lands,  
Had left the ravaged woodland yet once more  
To peace ; and what should not have been had been,  
For Merlin, overtalk'd and overworn,  
Had yielded, told her all the charm, and slept.

Then, in one moment, she put forth the charm  
Of woven paces and of waving hands,  
And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,  
And lost to life and use and name and fame.

Then crying ' I have made his glory mine,'  
And shrieking out ' O fool !' the harlot leapt  
Adown the forest, and the thicket closed  
Behind her, and the forest echo'd ' fool.'

ELAINE.



## ELAINE.



ELAINE<sup>\*</sup> the fair, Elaine the loveable,  
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,  
High in her chamber up a tower to the east  
Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot ;  
Which first she placed where morning's earliest ray  
Might strike it, and awake her with the gleam ;  
Then fearing rust or soilure fashion'd for it  
A case of silk, and braided thereupon  
All the devices blazon'd on the shield  
In their own tinct, and added, of her wit,  
A border fantasy of branch and flower,  
And yellow-throated nestling in the nest.  
Nor rested thus content, but day by day

Leaving her household and good father climb'd  
That eastern tower, and entering barr'd her door,  
Stript off the case, and read the naked shield,  
Now guess'd a hidden meaning in his arms,  
Now made a pretty history to herself  
Of every dint a sword had beaten in it,  
And every scratch a lance had made upon it,  
Conjecturing when and where : this cut is fresh\*;  
That ten years back ; this dealt him at Caerlyle ;  
That at Caerleon ; this at Camelot :  
And ah God's mercy what a stroke was there !  
And here a thrust that might have kill'd, but God  
Broke the strong lance, and roll'd his enemy down,  
And saved him : so she lived in fantasy.

How came the lily maid by that good shield  
Of Lancelot, she that knew not ev'n his name ?  
He left it with her, when he rode to tilt  
For the great diamond in the diamond jousts,  
Which Arthur had ordain'd, and by that name



Had named them, since a diamond was the prize.

For Arthur when none knew from whence he came,  
Long ere the people chose him for their king,  
Roving the trackless realms of Lyonesse,  
Had found a glen, gray boulder and black tarn.  
A horror lived about the tarn, and clave  
Like its own mists to all the mountain side :  
For here two brothers, one a king, had met  
And fought together ; but their names were lost.  
And each had slain his brother at a blow,  
And down they fell and made the glen abhorr'd :  
And there they lay till all their bones were bleach'd,  
And lichen'd into colour with the crags :  
And one of these, the king, had on a crown  
Of diamonds, one in front, and four aside.  
And Arthur came, and labouring up the pass  
All in a misty moonshine, unawares  
Had trodden that crown'd skeleton, and the skull  
Brake from the nape, and from the skull the crown

Roll'd into light, and turning on its rims  
Fled like a glittering rivulet to the tarn :  
And down the shingly scaur he plunged, and caught,  
And set it on his head, and in his heart  
Heard murmurs 'lo, thou likewise shalt be king.'

Thereafter, when a king, he had the gems  
Pluck'd from the crown, and show'd them to his knights,  
Saying ' these jewels, whereupon I chanced  
Divinely, are the kingdom's not the king's—  
For public use : henceforward let there be,  
Once every year, a joust for one of these :  
For so by nine years' proof we needs must learn  
Which is our mightiest, and ourselves shall grow  
In use of arms and manhood, till we drive  
The Heathen, who, some say, shall rule the land  
Hereafter, which God hinder.' Thus he spoke :  
And eight years past, eight jousts had been, and still  
Had Lancelot won the diamond of the year,  
With purpose to present them to the Queen,

When all were won ; but meaning all at once  
To snare her royal fancy with a boon  
Worth half her realm, had never spoken word.

Now for the central diamond and the last  
And largest, Arthur, holding then his court  
Hard on the river nigh the place which now  
Is this world's hugest, let proclaim a joust  
At Camelot, and when the time drew nigh  
Spake (for she had been sick) to Guinevere  
'Are you so sick, my Queen, you cannot move  
To these fair jousts?' 'Yea, lord,' she said, 'you  
know it.'

'Then will you miss,' he answer'd, 'the great deeds  
Of Lancelot, and his prowess in the lists,  
A sight you love to look on.' And the Queen  
Lifted her eyes, and they dwelt languidly  
On Lancelot, where he stood beside the King.  
He thinking that he read her meaning there,  
'Stay with me, I am sick ; my love is more

Than many diamonds,' yielded, and a heart,  
Love-loyal to the least wish of the Queen  
(However much he yearn'd to make complete  
The tale of diamonds for his destined boon)  
Urged him to speak against the truth, and say,  
'Sir King, mine ancient wound is hardly whole,  
And lets me from the saddle ;' and the King  
Glanced first at him, then her, and went his way.  
No sooner gone than suddenly she began.

'To blame, my lord Sir Lancelot, much to blame.  
Why go you not to these fair jousts ? the knights  
Are half of them our enemies, and the crowd  
Will murmur, lo the shameless ones, who take  
Their pastime now the trustful king is gone !'  
Then Lancelot vext at having lied in vain :  
'Are you so wise ? you were not once so wise,  
My Queen, that summer, when you loved me first.  
Then of the crowd you took no more account  
Than of the myriad cricket of the mead,

When its own voice clings to each blade of grass,  
And every voice is nothing. As to knights,  
Them surely can I silence with all ease.  
But now my loyal worship is allow'd  
Of all men : many a bard, without offence,  
Has link'd our names together in his lay,  
Lancelot, the flower of bravery, Guinevere,  
The pearl of beauty : and our knights at feast  
Have pledged us in this union, while the king  
Would listen smiling. How then ? is there more ?  
Has Arthur spoken aught ? or would yourself,  
Now weary of my service and devoir,  
Henceforth be truer to your faultless lord ?'

She broke into a little scornful laugh.

' Arthur, my lord, Arthur, the faultless King,  
That passionate perfection, my good lord—  
But who can gaze upon the Sun in heaven ?  
He never spake word of reproach to me,  
He never had a glimpse of mine untruth,

He cares not for me : only here to-day  
There gleam'd a vague suspicion in his eyes :  
Some meddling rogue has tamper'd with him—else  
Rapt in this fancy of his Table Round,  
And swearing men to vows impossible,  
To make them like himself : but, friend, to me  
He is all fault who hath no fault at all :  
For who loves me must have a touch of earth ;  
The low sun makes the colour : I am yours,  
Not Arthur's, as you know, save by the bond.  
And therefore hear my words : go to the jousts :  
The tiny-trumpeting gnat can break our dream  
When sweetest ; and the vermin voices here  
May buzz so loud—we scorn them, but they sting.'

Then answer'd Lancelot, the chief of knights,  
' And with what face, after my pretext made,  
Shall I appear, O Queen, at Camelot, I  
Before a king who honours his own word,  
As if it were his God's !'

‘Yea,’ said the Queen,

‘A moral child without the craft to rule,  
Else had he not lost me : but listen to me,  
If I must find you wit : we hear it said  
That men go down before your spear at a touch  
But knowing you are Lancelot ; your great name,  
This conquers : hide it therefore ; go unknown :  
Win ! by this kiss you will : and our true king  
Will then allow your pretext, O my knight,  
As all for glory ; for to speak him true,  
You know right well, how meek so'er he seem,  
No keener hunter after glory breathes.  
He loves it in his knights more than himself :  
They prove to him his work : win and return.’

Then got Sir Lancelot suddenly to horse,  
Wroth at himself : not willing to be known,  
He left the barren-beaten thoroughfare,  
Chose the green path that show'd the rarer foot,  
And there among the solitary downs,

Full often lost in fancy, lost his way ;  
Till as he traced a faintly-shadow'd track,  
That all in loops and links among the dales  
Ran to the Castle of Astolat, he saw  
Fired from the west, far on a hill, the towers.  
Thither he made and wound the gateway horn.  
Then came an old, dumb, myriad-wrinkled man,  
Who let him into lodging and disarm'd.  
And Lancelot marvell'd at the wordless man ;  
And issuing found the Lord of Astolat  
With two strong sons, Sir Torre and Sir Lavaine,  
Moving to meet him in the castle court ;  
And close behind them stept the lily maid  
Elaine, his daughter : mother of the house  
There was not : some light jest among them rose  
With laughter dying down as the great knight  
Approach'd them : then the Lord of Astolat.  
'Whence comest thou, my guest, and by what name  
Livest between the lips ? for by thy state  
And presence I might guess thee chief of those,



After the king, who eat in Arthur's halls.  
Him have I seen: the rest, his Table Round,  
Known as they are, to me they are unknown.'

Then answer'd Lancelot, the chief of knights.  
'Known am I, and of Arthur's hall, and known,  
What I by mere mischance have brought, my shield.  
But since I go to joust as one unknown  
At Camelot for the diamond, ask me not,  
Hereafter you shall know me—and the shield—  
I pray you lend me one, if such you have,  
Blank, or at least with some device not mine.'

Then said the Lord of Astolat, 'Here is Torre's :  
Hurt in his first tilt was my son, Sir Torre.  
And so, God wot, his shield is blank enough.  
His you can have.' Then added plain Sir Torre,  
'Yea since I cannot use it, you may have it.'  
Here laugh'd the father saying 'Fie, Sir Churl,  
Is that an answer for a noble knight ?

Allow him : but Lavaine, my younger here,  
He is so full of lustihood, he will ride  
Joust for it, and win, and bring it in an hour  
And set it in this damsel's golden hair,  
To make her thrice as wilful as before.'

'Nay, father, nay good father, shame me not  
Before this noble knight' said young Lavaine  
'For nothing. Surely I but play'd on Torre :  
He seem'd so sullen, vext he could not go :  
A jest, no more : for, knight, the maiden dreamt  
That some one put this diamond in her hand,  
And that it was too slippery to be held,  
And slipt and fell into some pool or stream,  
The castle-well, belike ; and then I said  
That *if* I went and *if* I fought and won it  
(But all was jest and joke among ourselves)  
Then must she keep it safelier. All was jest.  
But father give me leave, an if he will,  
To ride to Camelot with this noble knight :

Win shall I not, but do my best to win :  
Young as I am, yet would I do my best.'

'So you will grace me,' answer'd Lancelot,  
Smiling a moment, 'with your fellowship  
O'er these waste downs whereon I lost myself,  
Then were I glad of you as guide and friend ;  
And you shall win this diamond—as I hear,  
It is a fair large diamond,—if you may,  
And yield it to this maiden, if you will.'  
'A fair large diamond,' added plain Sir Torre,  
'Such be for Queens and not for simple maids.'  
Then she, who held her eyes upon the ground,  
Elaine, and heard her name so tost about,  
Flush'd slightly at the slight disparagement  
Before the stranger knight, who, looking at her,  
Full courtly, yet not falsely, thus return'd.  
'If what is fair be but for what is fair,  
And only Queens are to be counted so,  
Rash were my judgment then, who deem this maid

Might wear as fair a jewel as is on earth,  
Not violating the bond of like to like.'

He spoke and ceased : the lily maid Elaine,  
Won by the mellow voice before she look'd,  
Lifted her eyes, and read his lineaments.  
The great and guilty love he bare the Queen,  
In battle with the love he bare his lord,  
Had marr'd his face, and mark'd it ere his time.  
Another sinning on such heights with one,  
The flower of all the west and all the world,  
Had been the sleeker for it : but in him  
His mood was often like a fiend, and rose  
And drove him into wastes and solitudes  
For agony, who was yet a living soul.  
Marr'd as he was, he seem'd the goodliest man,  
That ever among ladies ate in Hall,  
And noblest, when she lifted up her eyes.  
However marr'd, of more than twice her years,  
Seam'd with an ancient swordcut on the cheek,

And bruised and bronzed, she lifted up her eyes  
And loved him, with that love which was her doom.

Then the great knight, the darling of the court,  
Loved of the loveliest, into that rude hall  
Stept with all grace, and not with half disdain  
Hid under grace, as in a smaller time,  
But kindly man moving among his kind :  
Whom they with meats and vintage of their best  
And talk and minstrel melody entertain'd.  
And much they ask'd of court and Table Round,  
And ever well and readily answer'd he :  
But Lancelot, when they glanced at Guinevere,  
Suddenly speaking of the wordless man,  
Heard from the Baron that, ten years before,  
The heathen caught and reft him of his tongue.  
' He learnt and warn'd me of their fierce design  
Against my house, and him they caught and maim'd ;  
But I my sons and little daughter fled  
From bonds or death, and dwelt among the woods

By the great river in a boatman's hut.  
Dull days were those, till our good Arthur broke  
The Pagan yet once more on Badon hill.'

'O there, great Lord, doubtless,' Lavaine said, rapt  
By all the sweet and sudden passion of youth  
Toward greatness in its elder, 'you have fought.  
O tell us ; for we live apart, you know  
Of Arthur's glorious wars.' And Lancelot spoke  
And answer'd him at full, as having been  
With Arthur in the fight which all day long  
Rang by the white mouth of the violent Glem ;  
And in the four wild battles by the shore  
Of Duglas ; that on Bassa ; then the war  
That thunder'd in and out the gloomy skirts  
Of Celidon the forest ; and again  
By castle Gurnion where the glorious King  
Had on his cuirass worn our Lady's Head,  
Carved of one emerald, center'd in a sun  
Of silver rays, that lighten'd as he breathed ;

And at Caerleon had he help'd his lord,  
When the strong neighings of the wild white Horse  
Set every gilded parapet shuddering ;  
And up in Agned Cathregonion too,  
And down the waste sand-shores of Trath Treroit,  
Where many a heathen fell ; ‘and on the mount  
Of Badon I myself beheld the King  
Charge at the head of all his Table Round,  
And all his legions crying Christ and him,  
And break them ; and I saw him, after, stand  
High on a heap of slain, from spur to plume  
Red as the rising sun with heathen blood,  
And seeing me, with a great voice he cried  
“They are broken, they are broken” for the King,  
However mild he seems at home, nor cares  
For triumph in our mimic wars, the jousts—  
For if his own knight cast him down, he laughs  
Saying, his knights are better men than he—  
Yet in this heathen war the fire of God  
Fills him : I never saw his like : there lives

No greater leader.'

While he utter'd this,  
Low to her own heart said the lily maid  
'Save your great self, fair lord ;' and when he fell  
From talk of war to traits of pleasantry—  
Being mirthful he but in a stately kind—  
She still took note that when the living smile  
Died from his lips, across him came a cloud  
Of melancholy severe, from which again,  
Whenever in her hovering to and fro  
The lily maid had striven to make him cheer,  
There brake a sudden-beaming tenderness  
Of manners and of nature : and she thought  
That all was nature, all, perchance, for her.  
And all night long his face before her lived,  
As when a painter, poring on a face,  
Divinely thro' all hindrance finds the man  
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,  
The shape and colour of a mind and life,  
Lives for his children, ever at its best



And fullest ; so the face before her lived,  
Dark-splendid, speaking in the silence, full  
Of noble things, and held her from her sleep.  
Till rathe she rose, half-cheated in the thought  
She needs must bid farewell to sweet Lavaine.  
First as in fear, step after step, she stole  
Down the long tower-stairs, hesitating :  
Anon, she heard Sir Lancelot cry in the court,  
' This shield, my friend, where is it ? ' and Lavaine  
Past inward, as she came from out the tower.  
There to his proud horse Lancelot turn'd, and smooth'd  
The glossy shoulder, humming to himself.  
Half-envious of the flattering hand, she drew  
Nearer and stood. He look'd, and more amazed  
Than if seven men had set upon him, saw  
The maiden standing in the dewy light.  
He had not dream'd she was so beautiful.  
Then came on him a sort of sacred fear,  
For silent, tho' he greeted her, she stood  
Rapt on his face as if it were a God's.

Suddenly flash'd on her a wild desire,  
That he should wear her favour at the tilt.  
She braved a riotous heart in asking for it.  
'Fair lord, whose name I know not—noble it is,  
I well believe, the noblest—will you wear  
My favour at this tourney?' 'Nay,' said he,  
'Fair lady, since I never yet have worn  
Favour of any lady in the lists.  
Such is my wont, as those, who know me, know.'  
'Yea, so,' she answer'd; 'then in wearing mine  
Needs must be lesser likelihood, noble lord,  
That those who know should know you.' And he turn'd  
Her counsel up and down within his mind,  
And found it true, and answer'd, 'true, my child.  
Well, I will wear it: fetch it out to me:  
What is it?' and she told him 'a red sleeve  
Broider'd with pearls,' and brought it: then he bound  
Her token on his helmet, with a smile  
Saying, 'I never yet have done so much  
For any maiden living,' and the blood

Sprang to her face and fill'd her with delight ;  
But left her all the paler, when Lavaine  
Returning brought the yet-unblazon'd shield,  
His brother's ; which he gave to Lancelot,  
Who parted with his own to fair Elaine ;  
' Do me this grace, my child, to have my shield  
In keeping till I come.' ' A grace to me,'  
She answer'd, ' twice to-day. I am your Squire.'  
Whereat Lavaine said, laughing, ' Lily maid,  
For fear our people call you lily maid  
In earnest, let me bring your colour back ;  
Once, twice, and thrice : now get you hence to bed :'  
So kiss'd her, and Sir Lancelot his own hand,  
And thus they moved away : she stay'd a minute,  
Then made a sudden step to the gate, and there—  
Her bright hair blown about the serious face  
Yet rosy-kindled with her brother's kiss—  
Paused in the gateway, standing by the shield  
In silence, while she watch'd their arms far-off  
Sparkle, until they dipt below the downs.

Then to her tower she climb'd, and took the shield,  
There kept it, and so lived in fantasy.

Meanwhile the new companions past away  
Far o'er the long backs of the bushless downs,  
To where Sir Lancelot knew there lived a knight  
Not far from Camelot, now for forty years  
A hermit, who had pray'd, labour'd and pray'd  
And ever labouring had scoop'd himself  
In the white rock a chapel and a hall  
On massive columns, like a shorecliff cave,  
And cells and chambers : all were fair and dry ;  
The green light from the meadows underneath  
Struck up and lived along the milky roofs ;  
And in the meadows tremulous aspen-trees  
And poplars made a noise of falling showers.  
And thither wending there that night they bode.

But when the next day broke from underground,  
And shot red fire and shadows thro' the cave,

They rose, heard mass, broke fast, and rode away :  
Then Lancelot saying, 'hear, but hold my name  
Hidden, you ride with Lancelot of the Lake,'  
Abash'd Lavaine, whose instant reverence,  
Dearer to true young hearts than their own praise,  
But left him leave to stammer, 'is it indeed ?'  
And after muttering 'the great Lancelot'  
At last he got his breath and answer'd 'One,  
One have I seen—that other, our liege lord,  
The dread Pendragon, Britain's king of kings,  
Of whom the people talk mysteriously,  
He will be there—then were I stricken blind  
That minute, I might say that I had seen.'

So spake Lavaine, and when they reach'd the lists  
By Camelot in the meadow, let his eyes  
Run thro' the peopled gallery which half round  
Lay like a rainbow fall'n upon the grass,  
Until they found the clear-faced King, who sat  
Robed in red samite, easily to be known,

Since to his crown the golden dragon clung,  
And down his robe the dragon writhed in gold,  
And from the carven-work behind him crept  
Two dragons gilded, sloping down to make  
Arms for his chair, while all the rest of them  
Thro' knots and loops and folds innumerable  
Fled ever thro' the woodwork, till they found  
The new design wherein they lost themselves,  
Yet with all ease, so tender was the work :  
And, in the costly canopy o'er him set,  
Blazed the last diamond of the nameless king.  
Then Lancelot answer'd young Lavaine and said,  
' Me you call great : mine is the firmer seat,  
The truer lance : but there is many a youth  
Now crescent, who will come to all I am  
And overcome it ; and in me there dwells  
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch  
Of greatness to know well I am not great :  
There is the man.' And Lavaine gaped upon him  
As on a thing miraculous, and anon

The trumpets blew ; and then did either side,  
They that assail'd, and they that held the lists,  
Set lance in rest, strike spur, suddenly move,  
Meet in the midst, and there so furiously  
Shock, that a man far-off might well perceive,  
If any man that day were left afield,  
The hard earth shake, and a low thunder of arms.  
And Lancelot bode a little, till he saw  
Which were the weaker ; then he hur'd into it  
Against the stronger : little need to speak  
Of Lancelot in his glory : King, duke, earl,  
Count, baron—whom he smote, he overthrew.

But in the field were Lancelot's kith and kin,  
Ranged with the Table Round that held the lists,  
Strong men, and wrathful that a stranger knight  
Should do and almost overdo the deeds  
Of Lancelot ; and one said to the other ' Lo !  
What is he ? I do not mean the force alone,  
The grace and versatility of the man—

Is it not Lancelot !' 'When has Lancelot worn  
Favour of any lady in the lists ?

Not such his wont, as we, that know him, know.'

'How then ? who then ?' a fury seized on them,

A fiery family passion for the name

Of Lancelot, and a glory one with theirs.

They couch'd their spears and prick'd their steeds and  
thus,

Their plumes driv'n backward by the wind they made

In moving, all together down upon him

Bare, as a wild wave in the wide North-sea,

Green-glimmering toward the summit, bears, with all

Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies,

Down on a bark, and overbears the bark,

And him that helms it, so they overbore

Sir Lancelot and his charger, and a spear

Down-glancing lamed the charger, and a spear

Prick'd sharply his own cuirass, and the head

Pierced thro' his side, and there snapt, and remain'd.



Then Sir Lavaine did well and worshipfully ;  
He bore a knight of old repute to the earth,  
And brought his horse to Lancelot where he lay.  
He up the side, sweating with agony, got,  
But thought to do while he might yet endure,  
And being lustily holpen by the rest,  
His party,—tho' it seemed half-miracle  
To those he fought with—drave his kith and kin,  
And all the Table Round that held the lists,  
Back to the barrier ; then the heralds blew  
Proclaiming his the prize, who wore the sleeve  
Of scarlet, and the pearls ; and all the knights,  
His party, cried ' Advance, and take your prize  
The diamond ; ' but he answer'd, ' diamond me  
No diamonds ! for God's love, a little air !  
Prize me no prizes, for my prize is death !  
Hence will I and I charge you, follow me not.'

He spoke, and vanish'd suddenly from the field  
With young Lavaine into the poplar grove.

There from his charger down he slid, and sat,  
Gasp'ing to Sir Lavaine, 'draw the lance-head :'  
'Ah my sweet lord Sir Lancelot,' said Lavaine,  
'I dread me, if I draw it, you will die.'

But he 'I die already with it : draw—  
Draw'—and Lavaine drew, and that other gave  
A marvellous great shriek and ghastly groan,  
And half his blood burst forth, and down he sank  
For the pure pain, and wholly swoon'd away.

Then came the hermit out and bare him in,  
There stanch'd his wound ; and there, in daily doubt  
Whether to live or die, for many a week  
Hid from the wide world's rumour by the grove  
Of poplars with their noise of falling showers,  
And ever-tremulous aspen-trees, he lay.

But on that day when Lancelot fled the lists,  
His party, knights of utmost North and West,  
Lords of waste marches, kings of desolate isles,  
Came round their great Pendragon, saying to him

Lo, Sire, our knight thro' whom we won the day  
Hath gone sore wounded, and hath left his prize  
Untaken, crying that his prize is death.'

'Heaven hinder,' said the King 'that such an one,  
So great a knight as we have seen to-day—

He seem'd to me another Lancelot—

Yea, twenty times I thought him Lancelot—

He must not pass uncared for. Gawain, rise,

My nephew, and ride forth and find the knight.

Wounded and wearied needs must he be near.

I charge you that you get at once to horse.

And, knights and kings, there breathes not one of you

Will deem this prize of ours is rashly given :

His prowess was too wondrous. We will do him

No customary honour : since the knight

Came not to us, of us to claim the prize,

Ourselves will send it after. Wherefore take

This diamond, and deliver it, and return,

And bring us what he is and how he fares,

And cease not from your quest, until you find.'

So saying from the carven flower above,  
To which it made a restless heart, he took,  
And gave, the diamond : then from where he sat  
At Arthur's right, with smiling face arose,  
With smiling face and frowning heart, a Prince  
In the mid might and flourish of his May,  
Gawain, surnamed The Courteous, fair and strong,  
And after Lancelot, Tristram, and Geraint  
And Lamorack, a good knight, but therewithal  
Sir Modred's brother, of a crafty house,  
Nor often loyal to his word, and now  
Wroth that the king's command to sally forth  
In quest of whom he knew not, made him leave  
The banquet, and concourse of knights and kings.

So all in wrath he got to horse and went ;  
While Arthur to the banquet, dark in mood,  
Past, thinking 'is it Lancelot who has come  
Despite the wound he spake of, all for gain  
Of glory, and has added wound to wound,

And ridd'n away to die ?' So fear'd the King,  
And, after two days' tarriance there, return'd.  
Then when he saw the Queen, embracing ask'd,  
'Love, are you yet so sick ?' 'Nay, lord,' she said.  
'And where is Lancelot ?' Then the Queen amazed  
'Was he not with you ? won he not your prize ?'  
'Nay, but one like him.' 'Why that like was he.'  
And when the King demanded how she knew,  
Said 'Lord, no sooner had you parted from us,  
Than Lancelot told me of a common talk  
That men went down before his spear at a touch,  
But knowing he was Lancelot ; his great name  
Conquer'd ; and therefore would he hide his name  
From all men, ev'n the king, and to this end  
Had made the pretext of a hindering wound,  
That he might joust unknown of all, and learn  
If his old prowess were in aught decay'd :  
And added, "our true Arthur, when he learns,  
Will well allow my pretext, as for gain  
Of purer glory."'

Then replied the King :

‘ Far lovelier in our Lancelot had it been,  
In lieu of idly dallying with the truth,  
To have trusted me as he has trusted you.  
Surely his king and most familiar friend  
Might well have kept his secret. True, indeed,  
Albeit I know my knights fantastical,  
So fine a feat in our large Lancelot  
Must needs have moved my laughter : now remains  
But little cause for laughter : his own kin—  
Ill news, my Queen, for all who love him, these !  
His kith and kin, not knowing, set upon him ;  
So that he went sore wounded from the field :  
Yet good news too : for goodly hopes are mine  
That Lancelot is no more a lonely heart.  
He wore, against his wont, upon his helm  
A sleeve of scarlet, brodered with great pearls,  
Some gentle maiden’s gift.’

‘ Yea, lord,’ she said,

‘ Your hopes are mine,’ and saying that she choked,

And sharply turn'd about to hide her face,  
Moved to her chamber, and there flung herself  
Down on the great King's couch, and writhed upon it,  
And clench'd her fingers till they bit the palm,  
And shriek'd out 'traitor' to the unhearing wall,  
Then flash'd into wild tears, and rose again,  
And moved about her palace, proud and pale.

Gawain the while thro' all the region round  
Rode with his diamond, wearied of the quest,  
Touch'd at all points, except the poplar grove,  
And came at last, tho' late, to Astolat :  
Whom glittering in enamell'd arms the maid  
Glanced at, and cried 'What news from Camelot, lord ?  
What of the knight with the red sleeve ?' 'He won.'  
'I knew it,' she said. 'But parted from the jousts  
Hurt in the side,' whereat she caught her breath ;  
Thro' her own side she felt the sharp lance go ;  
Thereon she smote her hand : well-nigh she swoon'd :  
And, while he gazed wonderingly at her, came

The lord of Astolat out, to whom the Prince  
Reported who he was, and on what quest  
Sent, that he bore the prize and could not find  
The victor, but had ridden wildly round  
To seek him, and was wearied of the search.  
To whom the lord of Astolat ‘ Bide with us,  
And ride no longer wildly, noble Prince !  
Here was the knight, and here he left a shield ;  
This will he send or come for : furthermore  
Our son is with him ; we shall hear anon,  
Needs must we hear.’ To this the courteous Prince  
Accorded with his wonted courtesy,  
Courtesy with a touch of traitor in it,  
And stay’d ; and cast his eyes on fair Elaine :  
Where could be found face daintier ? then her shape  
From forehead down to foot perfect—again .  
From foot to forehead exquisitely turn’d :  
‘ Well—if I bide, lo ! this wild flower for me !’  
And oft they met among the garden yews,  
And there he set himself to play upon her



With sallying wit, free flashes from a height  
Above her, graces of the court, and songs,  
Sighs, and slow smiles, and golden eloquence  
And amorous adulation, till the maid  
Rebell'd against it, saying to him, 'Prince,  
O loyal nephew of our noble King,  
Why ask you not to see the shield he left,  
Whence you might learn his name? Why slight your King,  
And lose the quest he sent you on, and prove  
No surer than our falcon yesterday,  
Who lost the hern we slipt him at, and went  
To all the winds?' 'Nay, by mine head,' said he,  
'I lose it, as we lose the lark in heaven,  
O damsel, in the light of your blue eyes :  
But an you will it let me see the shield.'  
And when the shield was brought, and Gawain saw  
Sir Lancelot's azure lions, crown'd with gold,  
Ramp in the field, he smote his thigh, and mock'd ;  
'Right was the King ! our Lancelot ! that true man !'  
'And right was I,' she answer'd merrily, 'I,

Who dream'd my knight the greatest knight of all.'  
'And if *I* dream'd,' said Gawain, 'that you love  
This greatest knight, your pardon ! lo, you know it !  
Speak therefore : shall I waste myself in vain ?'  
Full simple was her answer 'What know I ?  
My brethren have been all my fellowship,  
And I, when often they have talk'd of love,  
Wish'd it had been my mother, for they talk'd,  
Mescem'd, of what they knew not ; so myself—  
I know not if I know what true love is,  
But if I know, then, if I love not him,  
Methinks there is none other I can love.'  
'Yea, by God's death,' said he, 'you love him well,  
But would not, knew you what all others know,  
And whom he loves.' 'So be it,' cried Elaine,  
And lifted her fair face and moved away :  
But he pursued her calling 'Stay a little !  
One golden minute's grace : he wore your sleeve :  
Would he break faith with one I may not name ?  
Must our true man change like a leaf at last ?

May it be so ? why then, far be it from me  
To cross our mighty Lancelot in his loves !  
And, damsel, for I deem you know full well  
Where your great knight is hidden, let me leave  
My quest with you ; the diamond also : here !  
For if you love, it will be sweet to give it ;  
And if he love, it will be sweet to have it  
From your own hand ; and whether he love or not,  
A diamond is a diamond. Fare you well  
A thousand times !—a thousand times farewell !  
Yet, if he love, and his love hold, we two  
May meet at court hereafter : there, I think,  
So you will learn the courtesies of the court,  
We two shall know each other.'

Then he gave,  
And slightly kiss'd the hand to which he gave,  
The diamond, and all wearied of the quest  
Leapt on his horse, and carolling as he went  
A true-love ballad, lightly rode away.

Thence to the court he past ; there told the King  
What the King knew ‘ Sir Lancelot is the knight.’  
And added ‘ Sire, my liege, so much I learnt ;  
But fail’d to find him tho’ I rode all round  
The region : but I lighted on the maid,  
Whose sleeve he wore ; she loves him ; and to her,  
Deeming our courtesy is the truest law,  
I gave the diamond : she will render it ;  
For by mine head she knows his hiding-place.’

The seldom-frowning King frown’d, and replied,  
‘ Too courteous truly ! you shall go no more  
On quest of mine, seeing that you forget  
Obedience is the courtesy due to kings.’

He spake and parted. Wroth but all in awe,  
For twenty strokes of the blood, without a word,  
Linger’d that other, staring after him ;  
Then shook his hair, strode off, and buzz’d abroad  
About the maid of Astolat, and her love.

All ears were prick'd at once, all tongues were loosed :  
'The maid of Astolat loves Sir Lancelot,  
Sir Lancelot loves the maid of Astolat.'  
Some read the King's face, some the Queen's, and all  
Had marvel what the maid might be, but most  
Predoom'd her as unworthy. One old dame  
Came suddenly on the Queen with the sharp news.  
She, that had heard the noise of it before,  
But sorrowing Lancelot should have stoop'd so low,  
Marr'd her friend's point with pale tranquillity.  
So ran the tale like fire about the court,  
Fire in dry stubble a nine days' wonder flared :  
Till ev'n the knights at banquet twice or thrice  
Forgot to drink to Lancelot and the Queen,  
And pledging Lancelot and the lily maid  
Smiled at each other, while the Queen who sat  
With lips severely placid felt the knot  
Climb in her throat, and with her feet unseen  
Crush'd the wild passion out against the floor  
Beneath the banquet, where the meats became

As wormwood, and she hated all who pledged.

But far away the maid in Astolat,  
Her guiltless rival, she that ever kept  
The one-day-seen Sir Lancelot in her heart,  
Crept to her father, while he mused alone,  
Sat on his knee, stroked his gray face and said.  
'Father, you call me wilful, and the fault  
Is yours who let me have my will, and now,  
Sweet father, will you let me lose my wits ?'  
'Nay,' said he, 'surely.' 'Wherefore let me hence,'  
She answer'd, 'and find out our dear Lavaine.'  
'You will not lose your wits for dear Lavaine :  
Bide,' answer'd he : 'we needs must hear anon  
Of him, and of that other.' 'Ay,' she said,  
'And of that other, for I needs must hence  
And find that other, wheresoe'er he be,  
And with mine own hand give his diamond to him,  
Lest I be found as faithless in the quest  
As you proud Prince who left the quest to me.

Sweet father, I behold him in my dreams  
Gaunt as it were the skeleton of himself,  
Death-pale, for lack of gentle maiden's aid.  
The gentler-born the maiden, the more bound,  
My father, to be sweet and serviceable  
To noble knights in sickness, as you know,  
When these have worn their tokens : let me hence  
I pray you.' Then her father nodding said,  
'Ay, ay, the diamond : wit you well, my child,  
Right fain were I to learn this knight were whole,  
Being our greatest : yea, and you must give it—  
And sure I think this fruit is hung too high  
For any mouth to gape for save a Queen's—  
Nay, I mean nothing : so then, get you gone,  
Being so very wilful you must go.'

Lightly, her suit allow'd, she slipt away,  
And while she made her ready for her ride,  
Her father's latest word humm'd in her ear,  
'Being so very wilful you must go,'

And changed itself and echoed in her heart,

‘Being so very wilful you must die.’

But she was happy enough and shook it off,

As we shake off the bee that buzzes at us ;

And in her heart she answer’d it and said,

‘What matter, so I help him back to life ?’

Then far away with good Sir Torre for guide

Rode o’er the long backs of the bushless downs

To Camelot, and before the city-gates

Came on her brother with a happy face

Making a roan horse caper and curvet

For pleasure all about a field of flowers :

Whom when she saw, ‘Lavaine,’ she cried, ‘Lavaine,

How fares my lord Sir Lancelot ?’ He amazed,

‘Torre and Elaine ! why here ? Sir Lancelot !

How know you my lord’s name is Lancelot ?’

But when the maid had told him all her tale,

Then turn’d Sir Torre, and being in his moods

Left them, and under the strange-statued gate,

Where Arthur’s wars were render’d mystically,



Past up the still rich city to his kin,  
His own far blood, which dwelt at Camelot ;  
And her Lavaine across the poplar grove  
Led to the caves : there first she saw the casque  
Of Lancelot on the wall : her scarlet sleeve,  
Tho' carved and cut, and half the pearls away,  
Stream'd from it still ; and in her heart she laugh'd,  
Because he had not loosed it from his helm,  
But meant once more perchance to tourney in it.  
And when they gain'd the cell in which he slept,  
His battle-writhen arms and mighty hands  
Lay naked on the wolfskin, and a dream  
Of dragging down his enemy made them move.  
Then she that saw him lying unsleek, unshorn,  
Gaunt as it were the skeleton of himself,  
Uttered a little tender dolorous cry.  
The sound not wonted in a place so still  
Woke the sick knight, and while he roll'd his eyes  
Yet blank from sleep, she started to him, saying  
'Your prize the diamond sent you by the King :'

His eyes glisten'd : she fancied ' is it for me ? '  
And when the maid had told him all the tale  
Of King and Prince, the diamond sent, the quest  
Assign'd to her not worthy of it, she knelt  
Full lowly by the corners of his bed,  
And laid the diamond in his open hand.  
Her face was near, and as we kiss the child  
That does the task assign'd, he kiss'd her face.  
At once she slipt like water to the floor.  
' Alas,' he said, ' your ride has wearied you.  
Rest must you have.' ' No rest for me,' she said ;  
' Nay, for near you, fair lord, I am at rest.'  
What might she mean by that ? his large black eyes,  
Yet larger thro' his leanness, dwelt upon her,  
Till all her heart's sad secret blazed itself  
In the heart's colours on her simple face ;  
And Lancelot look'd and was perplex in mind,  
And being weak in body said no more ;  
But did not love the colour ; woman's love,  
Save one, he not regarded, and so turn'd

Sighing, and feign'd a sleep until he slept.

Then rose Elaine and glided thro' the fields,  
And past beneath the wildly-sculptured gates  
Far up the dim rich city to her kin ;  
There bode the night : but woke with dawn, and past  
Down thro' the dim rich city to the fields,  
Thence to the cave : so day by day she past  
In either twilight ghost-like to and fro  
Gliding, and every day she tended him,  
And likewise many a night : and Lancelot  
Would, tho' he call'd his wound a little hurt  
Whereof he should be quickly whole, at times  
Brain-feverous in his heat and agony, seem  
Uncourteous, even he : but the meek maid  
Sweetly forbore him ever, being to him  
Meeker than any child to a rough nurse,  
Milder than any mother to a sick child,  
And never woman yet, since man's first fall,  
Did kindlier unto man, but her deep love

Upbore her ; till the hermit, skill'd in all  
The simples and the science of that time,  
Told him that her fine care had saved his life.  
And the sick man forgot her simple blush,  
Would call her friend and sister, sweet Elaine,  
Would listen for her coming and regret  
Her parting step, and held her tenderly,  
And loved her with all love except the love  
Of man and woman when they love their best  
Closest and sweetest, and had died the death  
In any knightly fashion for her sake.  
And peradventure had he seen her first  
She might have made this and that other world  
Another world for the sick man ; but now  
The shackles of an old love straiten'd him,  
His honour rooted in dishonour stood,  
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

Yet the great knight in his mid-sickness made  
Full many a holy vow and pure resolve. .

These, as but born of sickness, could not live :  
For when the blood ran lustier in him again,  
Full often the sweet image of one face,  
Making a treacherous quiet in his heart,  
Dispersed his resolution like a cloud.  
Then if the maiden, while that ghostly grace  
Beam'd on his fancy, spoke, he answer'd not,  
Or short and coldly, and she knew right well  
What the rough sickness meant, but what this meant  
She knew not, and the sorrow dimm'd her sight,  
And drave her ere her time across the fields  
Far into the rich city, where alone  
She murmur'd 'vain, in vain : it cannot be.  
He will not love me : how then ? must I die.'  
Then as a little helpless innocent bird,  
That has but one plain passage of few notes,  
Will sing the simple passage o'er and o'er  
For all an April morning, till the ear  
Wearies to hear it, so the simple maid  
Went half the night repeating, 'must I die ?'

And now to right she turn'd, and now to left,  
And found no ease in turning or in rest ;  
And 'him or death' she mutter'd, 'death or him,'  
Again and like a burthen, 'him or death.'

But when Sir Lancelot's deadly hurt was whole,  
To Astolat returning rode the three.  
There morn by morn, arraying her sweet self  
In that wherein she deem'd she look'd her best,  
She came before Sir Lancelot, for she thought  
'If I be loved, these are my festal robes,  
If not, the victim's flowers before he fall.'  
And Lancelot ever prest upon the maid  
That she should ask some goodly gift of him  
For her own self or hers ; 'and do not shun  
To speak the wish most near to your true heart ;  
Such service have you done me, that I make  
My will of yours, and Prince and Lord am I  
In mine own land, and what I will I can.'  
Then like a ghost she lifted up her face,

But like a ghost without the power to speak.  
And Lancelot saw that she withheld her wish,  
And bode among them yet a little space  
Till he should learn it ; and one morn it chanced  
He found her in among the garden yews,  
And said, ' Delay no longer, speak your wish,  
Seeing I must go to-day : ' then out she brake ;  
' Going ? and we shall never see you more.  
And I must die for want of one bold word.'  
' Speak : that I live to hear,' he said, ' is yours.'  
Then suddenly and passionately she spoke :  
' I have gone mad. I love you : let me die.'  
' Ah sister,' answer'd Lancelot, ' what is this ?'  
And innocently extending her white arms,  
' Your love,' she said, ' your love—to be your wife.'  
And Lancelot answer'd, ' Had I chos'n to wed,  
I had been wedded earlier, sweet Elaine :  
But now there never will be wife of mine.'  
' No, no,' she cried, ' I care not to be wife,  
But to be with you still, to see your face,

To serve you, and to follow you thro' the world.'  
And Lancelot answer'd, 'Nay, the world, the world,  
All ear and eye, with such a stupid heart  
To interpret ear and eye, and such a tongue  
To blare its own interpretation—nay,  
Full ill then should I quit your brother's love,  
And your good father's kindness.' And she said  
'Not to be with you, not to see your face—  
Alas for me then, my good days are done.'  
'Nay, noble maid,' he answer'd, 'ten times nay!  
This is not love : but love's first flash in youth,  
Most common : yea I know it of mine own self :  
And you yourself will smile at your own self  
Hereafter, when you yield your flower of life  
To one more fitly yours, not thrice your age :  
And then will I, for true you are and sweet  
Beyond mine old belief in womanhood,  
More specially should your good knight be poor,  
Endow you with broad land and territory  
Even to the half my realm beyond the seas,



So that would make you happy : furthermore,  
Ev'n to the death, as tho' you were my blood,  
In all your quarrels will I be your knight.  
This will I do, dear damsel, for your sake,  
And more than this I cannot.'

While he spoke  
She neither blush'd nor shook, but deathly-pale  
Stood grasping what was nearest, then replied ;  
'Of all this will I nothing;' and so fell,  
And thus they bore her swooning to her tower.

Then spake, to whom thro' those black walls of yew  
Their talk had pierced, her father. 'Ay, a flash,  
I fear me, that will strike my blossom dead.  
Too courteous are you, fair Lord Lancelot.  
I pray you, use some rough discourtesy  
To blunt or break her passion.'

Lancelot said,  
'That were against me : what I can I will ;'  
And there that day remain'd, and toward even

Sent for his shield : full meekly rose the maid,  
Stript off the case, and gave the naked shield ;  
Then, when she heard his horse upon the stones,  
Unclasping flung the casement back, and look'd  
Down on his helm, from which her sleeve had gone.  
And Lancelot knew the little clinking sound ;  
And she by tact of love was well aware  
That Lancelot knew that she was looking at him.  
And yet he glanced not up, nor waved his hand,  
Nor bad farewell, but sadly rode away.  
This was the one discourtesy that he used.

So in her tower alone the maiden sat :  
His very shield was gone ; only the case,  
Her own poor work, her empty labour, left.  
But still she heard him, still his picture form'd  
And grew between her and the pictured wall.  
Then came her father, saying in low tones  
'Have comfort,' whom she greeted quietly.  
Then came her brethren saying, 'Peace to thee

Sweet sister,' whom she answer'd with all calm.  
But when they left her to herself again,  
Death, like a friend's voice from a distant field  
Approaching thro' the darkness, call'd ; the owls  
Wailing had power upon her, and she mixt  
Her fancies with the sallow-rifted glooms  
Of evening, and the moanings of the wind.

And in those days she made a little song,  
And call'd her song 'The Song of Love and Death,'  
And sang it : sweetly could she make and sing.

"Sweet is true love tho' given in vain, in vain ;  
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain :  
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

"Love, art thou sweet ? then bitter death must be :  
Love, thou art bitter ; sweet is death to me.  
O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

“Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away,  
Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay,  
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

“I fain would follow love, if that could be ;  
I needs must follow death, who calls for me ;  
Call and I follow, I follow ! let me die.”

High with the last line scaled her voice, and this,  
All in a fiery dawning wild with wind  
That shook her tower, the brothers heard, and thought  
With shuddering ‘Hark the Phantom of the house  
That ever shrieks before a death,’ and call’d  
The father, and all three in hurry and fear  
Ran to her, and lo! the bloodred light of dawn  
Flared on her face, she shrilling ‘Let me die !’

As when we dwell upon a word we know  
Repeating, till the word we know so well  
Becomes a wonder and we know not why,

So dwelt the father on her face and thought  
‘Is this Elaine?’ till back the maiden fell,  
Then gave a languid hand to each, and lay,  
Speaking a still good-morrow with her eyes.  
At last she said ‘Sweet brothers, yesternight  
I seem’d a curious little maid again,  
As happy as when we dwelt among the woods,  
And when you used to take me with the flood  
Up the great river in the boatman’s boat.  
Only you would not pass beyond the cape  
That has the poplar on it : there you fixt  
Your limit, oft returning with the tide.  
And yet I cried because you would not pass  
Beyond it, and far up the shining flood  
Until we found the palace of the king.  
And yet you would not ; but this night I dream’d  
That I was all alone upon the flood,  
And then I said “Now shall I have my will :”  
And there I woke, but still the wish remain’d.  
So let me hence that I may pass at last

Beyond the poplar and far up the flood,  
Until I find the palace of the king.  
There will I enter in among them all,  
And no man there will dare to mock at me ;  
But there the fine Gawain will wonder at me,  
And there the great Sir Lancelot muse at me ;  
Gawain, who bad a thousand farewells to me,  
Lancelot, who coldly went nor bad me one :  
And there the King will know me and my love,  
And there the Queen herself will pity me,  
And all the gentle court will welcome me,  
And after my long voyage I shall rest !'

'Peace,' said her father, 'O my child, you seem  
Light-headed, for what force is yours to go,  
So far, being sick ? and wherefore would you look  
On this proud fellow again, who scorns us all ?'

Then the rough Torre began to heave and move,  
And bluster into stormy sobs and say.

I never loved him : an I meet with him,  
I care not howsoever great he be,  
Then will I strike at him and strike him down,  
Give me good fortune, I will strike him dead,  
For this discomfort he hath done the house.'

To which the gentle sister made reply,  
'Fret not yourself, dear brother, nor be wroth,  
Seeing it is no more Sir Lancelot's fault  
Not to love me, than it is mine to love  
Him of all men who seems to me the highest.'

'Highest?' the Father answer'd, echoing 'highest ?'  
(He meant to break the passion in her) 'nay,  
Daughter, I know not what you call the highest ;  
But this I know, for all the people know it,  
He loves the Queen, and in an open shame :  
And she returns his love in open shame.  
If this be high, what is it to be low ?'

Then spake the lily maid of Astolat ;  
‘ Sweet father, all too faint and sick am I  
For anger : these are slanders : never yet  
Was noble man but made ignoble talk.  
He makes no friend who never made a foe.  
But now it is my glory to have loved  
One peerless, without stain : so let me pass,  
My father, howsoe’er I seem to you,  
Not all unhappy, having loved God’s best  
And greatest, tho’ my love had no return :  
Yet, seeing you desire your child to live,  
Thanks, but you work against your own desire ;  
For if I could believe the things you say  
I should but die the sooner ; wherefore cease,  
Sweet father, and bid call the ghostly man  
Hither, and let me shrive me clean, and die.’

So when the ghostly man had come and gone,  
She with a face, bright as for sin forgiven,  
Besought Lavaine to write as she devised



A letter, word for word ; and when he ask'd  
‘ Is it for Lancelot, is it for my dear lord ?  
Then will I bear it gladly ;’ she replied,  
‘ For Lancelot and the Queen and all the world,  
But I myself must bear it.’ Then he wrote  
The letter she devised ; which being writ  
And folded, ‘ O sweet father, tender and true,  
Deny me not,’ she said—‘ you never yet  
Denied my fancies—this, however strange,  
My latest : lay the letter in my hand  
A little ere I die, and close the hand  
Upon it ; I shall guard it even in death.  
And when the heat is gone from out my heart,  
Then take the little bed on which I died  
For Lancelot’s love, and deck it like the Queen’s  
For richness, and me also like the Queen  
In all I have of rich, and lay me on it.  
And let there be prepared a chariot-bier  
To take me to the river, and a barge  
Be ready on the river, clothed in black.

I go in state to court, to meet the Queen.  
There surely I shall speak for mine own self,  
And none of you can speak for me so well.  
And therefore let our dumb old man alone  
Go with me, he can steer and row, and he  
Will guide me to that palace, to the doors.'

She ceased : her father promised ; whereupon  
She grew so cheerful that they deem'd her death  
Was rather in the fantasy than the blood.  
But ten slow mornings past, and on the eleventh  
Her father laid the letter in her hand,  
And closed the hand upon it, and she died.  
So that day there was dole in Astolat.

But when the next sun brake from underground,  
Then, those two brethren slowly with bent brows  
Accompanying, the sad chariot-bier  
Past like a shadow thro' the field, that shone  
Full-summer, to that stream whereon the barge,

Pall'd all its length in blackest samite, lay.  
There sat the lifelong creature of the house,  
Loyal, the dumb old servitor, on deck,  
Winking his eyes, and twisted all his face.  
So those two brethren from the chariot took  
And on the black decks laid her in her bed,  
Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung  
The silken case with braided blazonings,  
And kiss'd her quiet brows, and saying to her  
'Sister, farewell for ever,' and again  
'Farewell, sweet sister,' parted all in tears.  
Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead  
Steer'd by the dumb went upward with the flood—  
In her right hand the lily, in her left  
The letter—all her bright hair streaming down—  
And all the coverlid was cloth of gold  
Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white  
All but her face, and that clear-featured face  
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead  
But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled.

That day Sir Lancelot at the palace craved  
Audience of Guinevere, to give at last  
The price of half a realm, his costly gift,  
Hard-won and hardly won with bruise and blow,  
With deaths of others, and almost his own,  
The nine-years-fought-for diamonds : for he saw  
One of her house, and sent him to the Queen  
Bearing his wish, whereto the Queen agreed  
With such and so unmoved a majesty  
She might have seem'd her statue, but that he,  
Low-drooping till he wellnigh kiss'd her feet  
For loyal awe, saw with a sidelong eye  
The shadow of a piece of pointed lace,  
In the Queen's shadow, vibrate on the walls,  
And parted, laughing in his courtly heart.

All in an oriel on the summer side,  
Vine-clad, of Arthur's palace toward the stream,  
They met, and Lancelot kneeling utter'd, ' Queen,  
Lady, my liege, in whom I have my joy,

Take, what I had not won except for you,  
These jewels, and make me happy, making them  
An armlet for the roundest arm on earth,  
Or necklace for a neck to which the swan's  
Is tawnier than her cygnet's : these are words :  
Your beauty is your beauty, and I sin  
In speaking, yet O grant my worship of it  
Words, as we grant grief tears. Such sin in words  
Perchance, we both can pardon : but, my Queen,  
I hear of rumours flying thro' your court.  
Our bond, as not the bond of man and wife,  
Should have in it an absoluter trust  
To make up that defect : let rumours be :  
When did not rumours fly ? these, as I trust  
That you trust me in your own nobleness,  
I may not well believe that you believe.'

While thus he spoke, half turn'd away, the Queen  
Broke from the vast oriel-embowering vine  
Leaf after leaf, and tore, and cast them off,

Till all the place whereon she stood was green ;  
Then, when he ceased, in one cold passive hand  
Received at once and laid aside the gems  
There on a table near her, and replied.

‘ It may be, I am quicker of belief  
Than you believe me, Lancelot of the Lake.  
Our bond is not the bond of man and wife.  
This good is in it, whatsoe’er of ill,  
It can be broken easier. I for you  
This many a year have done despite and wrong  
To one whom ever in my heart of hearts  
I did acknowledge nobler. What are these ?  
Diamonds for me ! they had been thrice their worth  
Being your gift, had you not lost your own.  
To loyal hearts the value of all gifts  
Must vary as the giver’s. Not for me !  
For her ! for your new fancy. Only this  
Grant me, I pray you : have your joys apart.  
I doubt not that however changed, you keep

So much of what is graceful : and myself  
Would shun to break those bounds of courtesy  
In which as Arthur's queen I move and rule :  
So cannot speak my mind. An end to this !  
A strange one ! yet I take it with Amen.  
So pray you, add my diamonds to her pearls ;  
Deck her with these ; tell her, she shines me down :  
An armlet for an arm to which the Queen's  
Is haggard, or a necklace for a neck  
O as much fairer—as a faith once fair  
Was richer than these diamonds—hers not mine—  
Nay, by the mother of our Lord himself,  
Or hers or mine, mine now to work my will—  
She shall not have them.'

Saying which she seized,

And, thro' the casement standing wide for heat,  
Flung them, and down they flash'd, and smote the  
stream.

Then from the smitten surface flash'd, as it were,  
Diamonds to meet them, and they past away.

Then while Sir Lancelot leant, in half disgust  
At love, life, all things, on the window ledge,  
Close underneath his eyes, and right across  
Where these had fallen, slowly past the barge  
Whereon the lily maid of Astolat  
Lay smiling, like a star in blackest night.

But the wild Queen, who saw not, burst away  
To weep and wail in secret ; and the barge,  
On to the palace-doorway sliding, paused.  
There two stood arm'd, and kept the door ; to whom,  
All up the marble stair, tier over tier,  
Were added mouths that gaped, and eyes that ask'd  
'What is it ?' but that oarsman's haggard face,  
As hard and still as is the face that men  
Shape to their fancy's eye from broken rocks  
On some cliff-side, appall'd them, and they said,  
'He is enchanted, cannot speak—and she,  
Look how she sleeps—the Fairy Queen, so fair !  
Yea, but how pale ! what are they ? flesh and blood ?



Or come to take the King to fairy land ?  
For some do hold our Arthur cannot die,  
But that he passes into fairy land.'

While thus they babbled of the King, the King  
Came girt with knights : then turn'd the tongueless man  
From the half-face to the full eye, and rose  
And pointed to the damsel, and the doors.  
So Arthur bad the meek Sir Percivale  
And pure Sir Galahad to uplift the maid ;  
And reverently they bore her into hall.  
Then came the fine Gawain and wonder'd at her,  
And Lancelot later came and mused at her,  
And last the Queen herself and pitied her :  
But Arthur spied the letter in her hand,  
Stoopt, took, brake seal, and read it ; this was all.

'Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the Lake,  
I, sometime call'd the maid of Astolat,  
Come, for you left me taking no farewell,

Hither, to take my last farewell of you.  
I loved you, and my love had no return,  
And therefore my true love has been my death.  
And therefore to our lady Guinevere,  
And to all other ladies, I make moan.  
Pray for my soul, and yield me burial.  
Pray for my soul thou too, Sir Lancelot,  
As thou art a knight peerless.'

Thus he read,

And ever in the reading, lords and dames  
Wept, looking often from his face who read  
To hers which lay so silent, and at times,  
So touch'd were they, half-thinking that her lips,  
Who had devised the letter, moved again.

Then freely spoke Sir Lancelot to them all ;  
' My lord liege Arthur, and all ye that hear,  
Know that for this most gentle maiden's death  
Right heavy am I ; for good she was and true,  
But loved me with a love beyond all love

In women, whomsoever I have known.  
 Yet to be loved makes not to love again ;  
 Not at my years, however it hold in youth.  
 I swear by truth and knighthood that I gave  
 No cause, not willingly, for such a love :  
 To this I call my friends in testimony,  
 Her brethren, and her father, who himself  
 Besought me to be plain and blunt, and use,  
 To break her passion, some discourtesy  
 Against my nature : what I could, I did.  
 I left her and I bad her no farewell.  
 Tho,' had I dreant the damsel would have died,  
 I might have put my wits to some rough use,  
 And help'd her from herself.'

Then said the Queen

(Sea was her wrath, yet working after storm)

' You might at least have done her so much grace,  
 Fair lord, as would have help'd her from her death.'  
 He raised his head, their eyes met and hers fell,  
 He adding,

‘Queen, she would not be content  
Save that I wedded her, which could not be.  
Then might she follow me thro’ the world, she ask’d ;  
It could not be. I told her that her love  
Was but the flash of youth, would darken down  
To rise hereafter in a stiller flame  
Toward one more worthy of her—then would I,  
More specially were he, she wedded, poor,  
Estate them with large land and territory  
In mine own realm beyond the narrow seas,  
To keep them in all joyance : more than this  
I could not ; this she would not, and she died.’

He pausing, Arthur answer’d, ‘O my knight,  
It will be to your worship, as my knight,  
And mine, as head of all our Table Round,  
To see that she be buried worshipfully.’

So toward that shrine which then in all the realm  
Was richest, Arthur leading, slowly went

The marshall'd order of their Table Round,  
And Lancelot sad beyond his wont, to see  
The maiden buried, not as one unknown,  
Nor meanly, but with gorgeous obsequies,  
And mass, and rolling music, like a Queen.  
And when the knights had laid her comely head  
Low in the dust of half-forgotten kings,  
Then Arthur spake among them, 'Let her tomb  
Be costly, and her image thereupon.  
And let the shield of Lancelot at her feet  
Be carven, and her lily in her hand.  
And let the story of her dolorous voyage  
For all true hearts be blazon'd on her tomb  
In letters gold and azure !' which was wrought  
Thereafter ; but when now the lords and dames  
And people, from the high door streaming, brake  
Disorderly, as homeward each, the Queen,  
Who mark'd Sir Lancelot where he moved apart,  
Drew near, and sigh'd in passing 'Lancelot,  
Forgive me ; mine was jealousy in love.'

He answer'd with his eyes upon the ground,  
'That is love's curse ; pass on, my Queen, forgiven.'  
But Arthur who beheld his cloudy brows  
Approach'd him, and with full affection flung  
One arm about his neck, and spake and said.

'Lancelot, my Lancelot, thou in whom I have  
Most love and most affiance, for I know  
What thou hast been in battle by my side,  
And many a time have watch'd thee at the tilt  
Strike down the lusty and long-practised knight,  
And let the younger and unskill'd go by  
To win his honour and to make his name,  
And loved thy courtesies and thee, a man  
Made to be loved ;—but now I would to God,  
For the wild people say wild things of thee,  
Thou could'st have loved this maiden, shaped, it seems,  
By God for thee alone, and from her face,  
If one may judge the living by the dead,  
Delicately pure and marvellously fair,

Who might have brought thee, now a lonely man  
Wifeless and heirless, noble issue, sons  
Born to the glory of thy name and fame,  
My knight, the great Sir Lancelot of the Lake.'

Then answer'd Lancelot, 'Fair she was, my King,  
Pure, as you ever wish your knights to be.  
To doubt her fairness were to want an eye,  
To doubt her pureness were to want a heart—  
Yea, to be loved, if what is worthy love  
Could bind him, but free love will not be bound.'

'Free love, so bound, were freest,' said the King.  
Let love be free ; free love is for the best :  
And, after heaven, on our dull side of death,  
What should be best, if not so pure a love  
Clothed in so pure a loveliness ? yet thee  
She fail'd to bind, tho' being, as I think,  
Unbound as yet, and gentle, as I know.

And Lancelot answer'd nothing, but he went,  
And at the inrunning of a little brook  
Sat by the river in a cove, and watch'd  
The high reed wave, and lifted up his eyes  
And saw the barge that brought her moving down,  
Far-off, a blot upon the stream, and said  
Low in himself ' Ah simple heart and sweet,  
You loved me, damsel, surely with a love  
Far tenderer than my Queen's. Pray for thy soul ?  
Ay, that will I. Farewell too—now at last—  
Farewell, fair lily. " Jealousy in love ?"  
Not rather dead love's harsh heir, jealous pride ?  
Queen, if I grant the jealousy as of love,  
May not your crescent fear for name and fame  
Speak, as it waxes, of a love that wanes ?  
Why did the King dwell on my name to me ?  
Mine own name shames me, seeming a reproach,  
Lancelot, whom the Lady of the lake  
Stole from his mother—as the story runs—  
She chanted snatches of mysterious song



Heard on the winding waters, eve and morn  
She kiss'd me saying thou art fair, my child,  
As a king's son, and often in her arms  
She bare me, pacing on the dusky mere.  
Would she had drown'd me in it, where'er it be !  
For what am I ? what profits me my name  
Of greatest knight ? I fought for it, and have it :  
Pleasure to have it, none ; to lose it, pain ;  
Now grown a part of me : but what use in it ?  
To make men worse by making my sin known ?  
Or sin seem less, the sinner seeming great ?  
Alas for Arthur's greatest knight, a man  
Not after Arthur's heart ! I needs must break  
These bonds that so defame me : not without  
She wills it : would I, if she will'd it ? nay,  
Who knows ? but if I would not, then may God,  
I pray him, send a sudden Angel down  
To seize me by the hair and bear me far,  
And fling me deep in that forgotten mere,  
Among the tumbled fragments of the hills.'

So groan'd Sir Lancelot in remorseful pain,  
Not knowing he should die a holy man.

GUINEVERE.



## GUINEVERE.



QUEEN GUINEVERE had fled the court, and sat  
There in the holy house at Almesbury  
Weeping, none with her save a little maid,  
A novice : one low light betwixt them burn'd  
Blurr'd by the creeping mist, for all abroad,  
Beneath a moon unseen albeit at full,  
The white mist, like a face-cloth to the face,  
Clung to the dead carth, and the land was still.

For hither had she fled, her cause of flight  
Sir Modred ; he the nearest to the King,  
His nephew, ever like a subtle beast  
Lay couchant with his eyes upon the throne,  
Ready to spring, waiting a chance : for this,

He chill'd the popular praises of the King  
With silent smiles of slow disparagement ;  
And tamper'd with the Lords of the White Horse,  
Heathen, the brood by Hengist left ; and sought  
To make disruption in the Table Round  
Of Arthur, and to splinter it into feuds  
Serving his traitorous end ; and all his aims  
Were sharpen'd by strong hate for Lancelot.

For thus it chanced one morn when all the court,  
Green-suited, but with plumes that mock'd the may,  
Had been, their wont, a-maying and return'd,  
That Modred still in green, all ear and eye,  
Climb'd to the high top of the garden-wall  
To spy some secret scandal if he might,  
And saw the Queen who sat betwixt her best  
Enid, and lissome Vivien, of her court  
The wiliest and the worst ; and more than this  
He saw not, for Sir Lancelot passing by  
Spied where he couch'd, and as the gardener's hand

Picks from the colewort a green caterpillar,  
So from the high wall and the flowering grove  
Of grasses Lancelot pluck'd him by the heel,  
And cast him as a worm upon the way ;  
But when he knew the Prince tho' marr'd with dust,  
He, reverencing king's blood in a bad man,  
Made such excuses as he might, and these  
Full knightly without scorn ; for in those days  
No knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in scorn ;  
But, if a man were halt or hunch'd, in him  
By those whom God had made full-limb'd and tall,  
Scorn was allow'd as part of his defect,  
And he was answer'd softly by the King  
And all his Table. So Sir Lancelot help  
To raise the Prince, who rising twice or thrice  
Full sharply smote his knees, and smiled, and went :  
But, ever after, the small violence done  
Rankled in him and ruffled all his heart,  
As the sharp wind that ruffles all day long  
A little bitter pool about a stone

On the bare coast.

But when Sir Lancelot told

This matter to the Queen, at first she laugh'd

Lightly, to think of Modred's dusty fall,

Then shudder'd, as the village wife who cries

' I shudder, some one steps across my grave ;'

Then laugh'd again, but faintlier, for indeed

She half-foresaw that he, the subtle beast,

Would track her guilt until he found, and hers

Would be for evermore a name of scorn.

Henceforward rarely could she front in Hall,

Or elsewhere, Modred's narrow foxy face,

Heart-hiding smile, and gray persistent eye :

Henceforward too, the Powers that tend the soul,

To help it from the death that cannot die,

And save it even in extremes, began

To vex and plague her. Many a time for hours,

Beside the placid breathings of the King,

In the dead night, grim faces came and went

Before her, or a vague spiritual fear—



Like to some doubtful noise of creaking doors,  
Heard by the watcher in a haunted house,  
That keeps the rust of murder on the walls—  
Held her awake : or if she slept, she dream'd  
An awful dream ; for then she seem'd to stand  
On some vast plain<sup>†</sup> before a setting sun,  
And from the sun there swiftly made at her  
A ghastly something, and its shadow flew  
Before it, till it touch'd her, and she turn'd—  
When lo ! her own, that broadening from her feet,  
And blackening, swallow'd all the land, and in it  
Far cities burnt, and with a cry she woke.  
And all this trouble did not pass but grew ;  
Till ev'n the clear face of the guileless King,  
And trustful courtesies of household life,  
Became her bane ; and at the last she said,  
'O Lancelot, get thee hence to thine own land,  
For if thou tarry we shall meet again,  
And if we meet again, some evil chance  
Will make the smouldering scandal break and blaze

Before the people, and our lord the King.’  
And Lancelot ever promised, but remain’d,  
And still they met and met. Again she said,  
‘O Lancelot, if thou love me get thee hence.’  
And then they were agreed upon a night  
(When the good King should not be there) to meet  
And part for ever. Passion-pale they met  
And greeted : hands in hands, and eye to eye,  
Low on the border of her couch they sat  
Stammering and staring : it was their last hour,  
A madness of farewells. And Modred brought  
His creatures to the basement of the tower  
For testimony ; and crying with full voice  
‘Traitor, come out, ye are trapt at last,’ aroused  
Lancelot, who rushing outward lionlike  
Leapt on him, and hurl’d him headlong, and he fell  
Stunn’d, and his creatures took and bare him off  
And all was still : then she, ‘the end is come  
And I am shamed for ever ;’ and he said  
‘Mine be the shame ; mine was the sin : but rise,

And fly to my strong castle overseas :  
There will I hide thee, till my life shall end,  
There hold thee with my life against the world.'  
She answer'd ' Lancelot, wilt thou hold me so ?  
Nay friend, for we have taken our farewells.  
Would God, that thou could'st hide me from myself !  
Mine is the shame, for I was wife, and thou  
Unwedded : yet rise now, and let us fly,  
For I will draw me into sanctuary,  
And bide my doom.' So Lancelot got her horse,  
Set her thereon, and mounted on his own,  
And then they rode to the divided way,  
There kiss'd, and parted weeping : for he past,  
Love-loyal to the least wish of the Queen,  
Back to his land ; but she to Almesbury  
Fled all night long by glimmering waste and weald,  
And heard the Spirits of the waste and weald  
Moan as she fled, or thought she heard them moan :  
And in herself she moan'd ' too late, too late !'  
Till in the cold wind that foreruns the morn,

A blot in heaven, the Raven, flying high,  
Croak'd, and she thought 'he spies a field of death ;  
For now the Heathen of the Northern Sea,  
Lured by the crimes and frailties of the court,  
Begin to slay the folk, and spoil the land.'

And when she came to Almesbury she spake  
There to the nuns, and said, 'mine enemies  
Pursue me, but, O peaceful Sisterhood,  
Receive, and yield me sanctuary, nor ask  
Her name, to whom ye yield it, till her time  
To tell you' and her beauty, grace and power,  
Wrought as a charm upon them, and they spared  
To ask it.

So the stately Queen abode  
For many a week, unknown, among the nuns ;  
Nor with them mix'd, nor told her name, nor sought,  
Wrapt in her grief, for housel or for shrift,  
But communed only with the little maid,  
Who pleased her with a babbling heedlessness

Which often lured her from herself ; but now,  
This night, a rumour wildly blown about  
Came, that Sir Modred had usurped the realm,  
And leagued him with the heathen, while the King  
Was waging war on Lancelot : then she thought,  
'With what a hate the people and the King  
Must hate me,' and bow'd down upon her hands  
Silent, until the little maid, who brook'd  
No silence, brake it, uttering 'late ! so late !  
What hour, I wonder, now ?' and when she drew  
No answer, by and by began to hum  
An air the nuns had taught her ; 'late, so late !'  
Which when she heard, the Queen look'd up, and said,  
'O maiden, if indeed you list to sing,  
Sing, and unbind my heart that I may weep.'  
Whereat full willingly sang the little maid.

“Late, late, so late ! and dark the night and chill !  
Late, late, so late ! but we can enter still.  
Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now.

“No light had we : for that we do repent ;  
And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.  
Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now.

“No light : so late ! and dark and chill the night !  
O let us in, that we may find the light !  
Too late, too late : ye cannot enter now.

“Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet ?  
O let us in, tho’ late, to kiss his feet !  
No, no, too late ! ye cannot enter now.”

So sang the novice, while full passionately,  
Her head upon her hands, remembering  
Her thought when first she came, wept the sad Queen.  
Then said the little novice prattling to her.

‘O pray you, noble lady, weep no more ;  
But let my words, the words of one so small,  
Who knowing nothing knows but to obey,

And if I do not there is penance given<sup>2</sup>—  
Comfort your sorrows ; for they do not flow  
From evil done ; right sure am I of that,  
Who see your tender grace and stateliness.  
But weigh your sorrows with our lord the King's,  
And weighing find them less ; for gone is he  
To wage grim war against Sir Lancelot there,  
Round that strong castle where he holds the Queen ;  
And Modred whom he left in charge of all,  
The traitor—Ah sweet lady, the King's grief  
For his own self, and his own Queen, and realm,  
Must needs be thrice as great as any of ours.  
For me, I thank the saints, I am not great.  
For if there ever come a grief to me  
I cry my cry in silence, and have done :  
None knows it, and my tears have brought me good :  
But even were the griefs of little ones  
As great as those of great ones, yet this grief  
Is added to the griefs the great must bear,  
That howsoever much they may desire

Silence, they cannot weep behind a cloud :  
As even here they talk at Almesbury  
About the good King and his wicked Queen,  
And were I such a King with such a Queen,  
Well might I wish to veil her wickedness,  
But were I such a King, it could not be.'

Then to her own sad heart mutter'd the Queen.  
'Will the child kill me with her innocent talk ?'  
But openly she answer'd 'must not I,  
If this false traitor have displaced his lord,  
Grieve with the common grief of all the realm ?'

'Yea,' said the maid, 'this is all woman's grief,  
That *she* is woman, whose disloyal life  
Hath wrought confusion in the Table Round  
Which good King Arthur founded, years ago,  
With signs and miracles and wonders, there  
At Camelot, ere the coming of the Queen.'



Then thought the Queen within herself again ;  
‘ Will the child kill me with her foolish prate ? ’  
But openly she spake and said to her ;  
‘ O little maid, shut in by nunnery walls,  
What canst thou know of Kings and Tables Round,  
Or what of signs and wonders, but the signs  
And simple miracles of thy nunnery ? ’

To whom the little novice garrulously.  
‘ Yea, but I know : the land was full of signs  
And wonders ere the coming of the Queen.  
So said my father, and himself was knight  
Of the great Table—at the founding of it ;  
And rode thereto from Lyonesse, and he said  
That as he rode, an hour or maybe twain  
After the sunset, down the coast, he heard  
Strange music, and he paused and turning—there,  
All down the lonely coast of Lyonesse,  
Each with a beacon-star upon his head,  
And with a wild sea-light about his feet,

He saw them—headland after headland flame  
Far on into the rich heart of the west :  
And in the light the white mermaiden swam,  
And strong man-breasted things stood from the sea,  
And sent a deep sea-voice thro' all the land,  
To which the little elves of chasm and cleft  
Made answer, sounding like a distant horn.  
So said my father—yea, and furthermore,  
Next morning, while he past the dim-lit woods,  
Himself beheld three spirits mad with joy  
Come dashing down on a tall wayside flower,  
That shook beneath them, as the thistle shakes  
When three gray linnets wrangle for the seed :  
And still at evenings on before his horse  
The flickering fairy-circle wheel'd and broke  
Flying, and link'd again, and wheel'd and broke  
Flying, for all the land was full of life.  
And when at last he came to Camelot,  
A wreath of airy dancers hand-in-hand  
Swung round the lighted lantern of the hall ;

And in the hall itself was such a feast  
As never man had dream'd ; for every knight  
Had whatsoever meat he long'd for served  
By hands unseen ; and even as he said  
Down in the cellars merry bloated things  
Shoulder'd the spigot, straddling on the butts  
While the wine ran : so glad were spirits and men  
Before the coming of the sinful Queen.'

Then spake the Queen and somewhat bitterly.  
' Were they so glad ? ill prophets were they all,  
Spirits and men : could none of them foresee,  
Not even thy wise father with his signs  
And wonders, what has fall'n upon the realm ? '

To whom the novice garrulously again.  
' Yea, one, a bard ; of whom my father said,  
Full many a noble war-song had he sung,  
Ev'n in the presence of an enemy's fleet,  
Between the steep cliff and the coming wave ;

And many a mystic lay of life and death  
Had chanted on the smoky mountain-tops,  
When round him bent the spirits of the hills  
With all their dewy hair blown back like flame :  
So said my father—and that night the bard  
Sang Arthur's glorious wars, and sang the King  
As well-nigh more than man, and rail'd at those  
Who call'd him the false son of Gorlois :  
For there was no man knew from whence he came ;  
But after tempest, when the long wave broke  
All down the thundering shores of Bude and Boss,  
There came a day as still as heaven, and then  
They found a naked child upon the sands  
Of wild Dundagil by the Cornish sea ;  
And that was Arthur ; and they foster'd him  
Till he by miracle was approven king :  
And that his grave should be a mystery  
From all men, like his birth ; and could he find  
A woman in her womanhood as great  
As he was in his manhood, then, he sang,

The twain together well might change the world.  
But even in the middle of his song  
He falter'd, and his hand fell from the harp,  
And pale he turn'd, and reel'd, and would have fall'n,  
But that they stay'd him up ; nor would he tell  
His vision ; but what doubt that he foresaw  
This evil work of Lancelot and the Queen ?'

Then thought the Queen 'lo ! they have set her on,  
Our simple-seeming Abbess and her nuns,  
To play upon me,' and bow'd her head nor spake.  
Whereat the novice crying, with clasp'd hands,  
Shame on her own garrulity garrulously,  
Said the good nuns would check her gadding tongue  
Full often, 'and, sweet lady, if I seem  
To vex an ear too sad to listen to me,  
Unmannerly, with prattling and the tales  
Which my good father told me, check me too :  
Nor let me shame my father's memory, one  
Of noblest manners, tho' himself would say

Sir Lancelot had the noblest ; and he died,  
Kill'd in a tilt, come next, five summers back,  
And left me ; but of others who remain,  
And of the two first-famed for courtesy—  
And pray you check me if I ask amiss—  
But pray you, which had noblest, while you moved  
Among them, Lancelot or our lord the King ?

Then the pale Queen look'd up and answer'd her.  
' Sir Lancelot, as became a noble knight,  
Was gracious to all ladies, and the same  
In open battle or the tilting-field  
Forbore his own advantage, and the King  
In open battle or the tilting-field  
Forbore his own advantage, and these two  
Were the most nobly-mannered men of all ;  
For manners are not idle, but the fruit  
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind.'

' Yea,' said the maid, ' be manners such fair fruit ?

Then Lancelot's needs must be a thousand-fold  
Less noble, being, as all rumour runs,  
The most disloyal friend in all the world.'

To which a mournful answer made the Queen.  
'O closed about by narrowing nunnery-walls,  
What knowest thou of the world, and all its lights  
And shadows, all the wealth and all the woe?  
If ever Lancelot, that most noble knight,  
Were for one hour less noble than himself,  
Pray for him that he scape the doom of fire,  
And weep for her, who drew him to his doom.'

'Yea,' said the little novice, 'I pray for both ;  
But I should all as soon believe that his,  
Sir Lancelot's, were as noble as the King's,  
As I could think, sweet lady, yours would be  
Such as they are, were you the sinful Queen.'

So she, like many another babbler, hurt

Whom she would soothe, and harm'd where she would heal;  
For here a sudden flush of wrathful heat  
Fired all the pale face of the Queen, who cried,  
'Such as thou art be never maiden more  
For ever! thou their tool, set on to plague  
And play upon, and harry me, petty spy  
And traitress.' When that storm of anger brake  
From Guinevere, aghast the maiden rose,  
White as her veil, and stood before the Queen  
As tremulously as foam upon the beach  
Stands in a wind, ready to break and fly,  
And when the Queen had added 'get thee hence'  
Fled frightened. Then that other left alone  
Sigh'd, and began to gather heart again,  
Saying in herself 'the simple, fearful child  
Meant nothing, but my own too-fearful guilt  
Simpler than any child, betrays itself.  
But help me, heaven, for surely I repent.  
For what is true repentance but in thought—  
Not ev'n in inmost thought to think again



The sins that made the past so pleasant to us :  
And I have sworn never to see him more,  
To see him more.'

And ev'n in saying this,  
Her memory from old habit of the mind  
Went slipping back upon the golden days  
In which she saw him first, when Lancelot came,  
Reputed the best knight and goodliest man,  
Ambassador, to lead her to his lord  
Arthur, and led her forth, and far ahead  
Of his and her retinue moving, they,  
Rapt in sweet talk or lively, all on love  
And sport and tilts and pleasure, (for the time  
Was maytime, and as yet no sin was dream'd,)  
Rode under groves that look'd a paradise  
Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth  
That seem'd the heavens upbreking thro' the earth,  
And on from hill to hill, and every day  
Beheld at noon in some delicious dale  
The silk pavilions of King Arthur raised

For brief repast or afternoon repose  
By couriers gone before ; and on again,  
Till yet once more ere set of sun they saw  
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship,  
That crown'd the state pavilion of the King,  
Blaze by the rushing brook or silent well.

But when the Queen immersed in such a trance,  
And moving thro' the past unconsciously,  
Came to that point, when first she saw the King  
Ride toward her from the city, sigh'd to find  
Her journey done, glanced at him, thought him cold,  
High, self-contain'd, and passionless, not like him,  
'Not like my Lancelot'—while she brooded thus  
And grew half-guilty in her thoughts again,  
There rode an armed warrior to the doors.  
A murmuring whisper thro' the nunnery ran,  
Then on a sudden a cry, 'the King.' She sat  
Stiff-stricken, listening ; but when armed feet  
Thro' the long gallery from the outer doors

Rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell,  
And grovell'd with her face against the floor :  
There with her milkwhite arms and shadowy hair  
She made her face a darkness from the King :  
And in the darkness heard his armed feet  
Pause by her ; then came silence, then a voice,  
Monotonous and hollow like a Ghost's  
Denouncing judgment, but tho' changed the King's.

‘ Liest thou here so low, the child of one  
I honour'd, happy, dead before thy shame ?  
Well is it that no child is born of thee.  
The children born of thee are sword and fire,  
Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,  
The craft of kindred and the Godless hosts  
Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern Sea.  
Whom I, while yet Sir Lancelot, my right arm,  
The mightiest of my knights, abode with me,  
Have everywhere about this land of Christ  
In twelve great battles ruining overthrown.

And knowest thou now from whence I come—from him,  
From waging bitter war with him : and he,  
That did not shun to smite me in worse way,  
Had yet that grace of courtesy in him left,  
He spared to lift his hand against the King  
Who made him knight : but many a knight was slain ;  
And many more, and all his kith and kin  
Clave to him, and abode in his own land.  
And many more when Modred raised revolt,  
Forgetful of their troth and fealty, clave  
To Modred, and a remnant stays with me.  
And of this remnant will I leave a part,  
True men who love me still, for whom I live,  
To guard thee in the wild hour coming on,  
Lest but a hair of this low head be harm'd.  
Fear not : thou shalt be guarded till my death.  
Howbeit I know, if ancient prophecies  
Have err'd not, that I march to meet my doom.  
Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me,  
That I the King should greatly care to live ;

For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life.  
Bear with me for the last time while I show,  
Ev'n for thy sake, the sin which thou hast sinn'd.  
For when the Roman left us, and their law  
Relax'd its hold upon us, and the ways  
Were fill'd with rapine, here and there a deed  
Of prowess done redress'd a random wrong.  
But I was first of all the kings who drew  
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all  
The realms together under me, their Head,  
In that fair order of my Table Round,  
A glorious company, the flower of men,  
To serve as model for the mighty world,  
And be the fair beginning of a time.  
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear  
To reverence the King, as if he were  
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,  
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,  
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,  
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,

To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,  
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,  
And worship her by years of noble deeds,  
Until they won her ; for indeed I knew  
Of no more subtle master under heaven  
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,  
Not only to keep down the base in man,  
But teach high thought, and amiable words  
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,  
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.  
And all this throve until I wedded thee !  
Believing “ lo mine helpmate, one to feel  
My purpose and rejoicing in my joy.”  
Then came thy shameful sin with Lancelot ;  
Then came the sin of Tristram and Isolt ;  
Then others, following these my mightiest knights,  
And drawing foul ensample from fair names,  
Sinn'd also, till the loathsome opposite  
Of all my heart had destined did obtain,  
And all thro' thee ! so that this life of mine

I guard as God's high gift from scathe and wrong,  
Not greatly care to lose ; but rather think  
How sad it were for Arthur, should he live,  
To sit once more within his lonely hall,  
And miss the wonted number of my knights,  
And miss to hear high talk of noble deeds  
As in the golden days before thy sin.  
For which of us, who might be left, could speak  
Of the pure heart, nor seem to glance at thee ?  
And in thy bowers of Camelot or of Usk  
Thy shadow still would glide from room to room,  
And I should evermore be vext with thee  
In hanging robe or vacant ornament,  
Or ghostly footfall echoing on the stair.  
For think not, tho' thou would'st not love thy lord,  
Thy lord has wholly lost his love for thee.  
I am not made of so slight elements.  
Yet must I leave thee, woman, to thy shame.  
I hold that man the worst of public foes  
Who either for his own or children's sake,

To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife  
Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house :  
For being thro' his cowardice allow'd  
Her station, taken everywhere for pure,  
She like a new disease, unknown to men,  
Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,  
Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and saps  
The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse  
With devil's leaps, and poisons half the young.  
Worst of the worst were that man he that reigns !  
Better the King's waste hearth and aching heart  
Than thou reseated in thy place of light,  
The mockery of my people, and their bane.'

He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch  
Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.  
Far off a solitary trumpet blew.  
Then waiting by the doors the warhorse neigh'd  
As at a friend's voice, and he spake again.



‘Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes,  
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,  
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die  
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,  
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.  
The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,  
The doom of treason and the flaming death,  
(When first I learnt thee hidden here) is past.  
The pang—which while I weigh’d thy heart with one  
Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,  
Made my tears burn—is also past, in part.  
And all is past, the sin is sinn’d, and I,  
Lo ! I forgive thee, as Eternal God  
Forgives : do thou for thine own soul the rest.  
But how to take last leave of all I loved ?  
O golden hair, with which I used to play  
Not knowing ! O imperial-moulded form,  
And beauty such as never woman wore,  
Until it came a kingdom’s curse with thee—  
I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine,

But Lancelot's : nay, they never were the King's.  
I cannot take thy hand ; that too is flesh,  
And in the flesh thou hast sinn'd ; and mine own flesh,  
Here looking down on thine polluted, cries  
"I loathe thee : " yet not less, O Guinevere,  
For I was ever virgin save for thee,  
My love thro' flesh hath wrought into my life  
So far, that my doom is, I love thee still.  
Let no man dream but that I love thee still.  
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,  
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,  
Hereafter in that world where all are pure  
We two may meet before high God, and thou  
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know  
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,  
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,  
I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I hence.  
Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet blow :  
They summon me their King to lead mine hosts  
Far down to that great battle in the west,

Where I must strike against my sister's son,  
Leagued with the lords of the White Horse and knights  
Once mine, and strike him dead, and meet myself  
Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.  
And thou remaining here wilt learn the event ;  
But hither shall I never come again,  
Never lie by thy side, see thee no more,  
Farewell !'

And while she grovell'd at his feet,  
She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,  
And, in the darkness o'er her fallen head,  
Perceived the waving of his hands that blest.

Then, listening till those armed steps were gone,  
Rose the pale Queen, and in her anguish found  
The casement : ' peradventure ' so she thought,  
' If I might see his face, and not be seen.'  
And lo, he sat on horseback at the door !  
And near him the sad nuns with each a light  
Stood, and he gave them charge about the Queen,

To guard and foster her for evermore.  
And while he spake to these his helm was lower'd,  
To which for crest the golden dragon clung  
Of Britain ; so she did not see the face,  
Which then was as an angel's, but she saw,  
Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights,  
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship  
Blaze, making all the night a steam of fire.  
And even then he turn'd ; and more and more  
The moony vapour rolling round the King,  
Who seem'd the phantom of a Giant in it,  
Enwound him fold by fold, and made him gray  
And grayer, till himself became as mist  
Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom.

Then she stretch'd out her arms and cried aloud  
'Oh Arthur !' there her voice brake suddenly,  
Then—as a stream that spouting from a cliff  
Fails in mid air, but gathering at the base  
Re-makes itself, and flashes down the vale—

Went on in passionate utterance.

‘Gone—my lord !

Gone thro’ my sin to slay and to be slain !

And he forgave me, and I could not speak.

Farewell ? I should have answer’d his farewell.

His mercy choked me. Gone, my lord the King,

My own true lord ! how dare I call him mine ?

The shadow of another cleaves to me,

And makes me one pollution : he, the King,

Call’d me polluted : shall I kill myself ?

What help in that ? I cannot kill my sin,

If soul be soul ; nor can I kill my shame ;

No, nor by living can I live it down.

The days will grow to weeks, the weeks to months,

The months will add themselves and make the years,

The years will roll into the centuries,

And mine will ever be a name of scorn.

I must not dwell on that defeat of fame.

Let the world be ; that is but of the world.

What else ? what hope ? I think there was a hope,

Except he mock'd me when he spake of hope ;  
His hope he call'd it ; but he never mocks,  
For mockery is the fume of little hearts.  
And blessed be the King, who hath forgiven  
My wickedness to him, and left me hope  
That in mine own heart I can live down sin  
And be his mate hereafter in the heavens  
Before high God. Ah great and gentle lord,  
Who wast, as is the conscience of a saint  
Among his warring senses, to thy knights—  
To whom my false voluptuous pride, that took  
Full easily all impressions from below,  
Would not look up, or half-despised the height  
To which I would not or I could not climb—  
I thought I could not breathe in that fine air  
That pure severity of perfect light—  
I wanted warmth and colour which I found  
In Lancelot—now I see thee what thou art,  
Thou art the highest and most human too,  
Not Lancelot, nor another. Is there none

Will tell the King I love him tho' so late?  
Now—ere he goes to the great Battle? none :  
Myself must tell him in that purer life,  
But now it were too daring. Ah my God,  
What might I not have made of thy fair world,  
Had I but loved thy highest creature here?  
It was my duty to have loved the highest :  
It surely was my profit had I known :  
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.  
We needs must love the highest when we see it,  
Not Lancelot, nor another.'

Here her hand

Grasp'd, made her vail her eyes : she look'd and saw  
The novice, weeping, suppliant, and said to her  
' Yea, little maid, for am *I* not forgiven ?'  
Then glancing up beheld the holy nuns  
All round her, weeping ; and her heart was loosed  
Within her, and she wept with these and said.

' Ye know me then, that wicked one, who broke

The vast design and purpose of the King.  
O shut me round with narrowing nunnery-walls,  
Meek maidens, from the voices crying "shame."  
I must not scorn myself: he loves me still.  
Let no one dream but that he loves me still.  
So let me, if you do not shudder at me  
Nor shun to call me sister, dwell with you ;  
Wear black and white, and be a nun like you ;  
Fast with your fasts, not feasting with your feasts ;  
Grieve with your griefs, not grieving at your joys,  
But not rejoicing ; mingle with your rites ;  
Pray and be pray'd for ; lie before your shrines ;  
Do each low office of your holy house ;  
Walk your dim cloister, and distribute dole  
To poor sick people, richer in his eyes  
Who ransom'd us, and haler too than I ;  
And treat their loathsome hurts and heal mine own ;  
And so wear out in almsdeed and in prayer  
The sombre close of that voluptuous day,  
Which wrought the ruin of my lord the King.'



She said : they took her to themselves ; and she  
Still hoping, fearing ‘ is it yet too late ? ’  
Dwelt with them, till in time their Abbess died.  
Then she, for her good deeds and her pure life,  
And for the power of ministration in her,  
And likewise for the high rank she had borne,  
Was chosen Abbess, there, an Abbess, lived  
For three brief years, and there, an Abbess, past  
To where beyond these voices there is peace.

THE END.



## THE POET LAUREATE AND THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

A new edition of the "Idylls of the King" contains the following dedication :—

These to his memory—since he held them dear,  
Perchance as finding there unconsciously  
Some image of himself—I dedicate,  
I dedicate, I consecrate with tears—  
These Idylls.

And indeed he seems to me  
Scarce other than my own ideal knight,  
"Who revered his conscience as his king;  
Whose glory was, redressing human wrong;  
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it;  
Who loved one only, and who clave to her—"  
Her—over all whose realms to their last isle,  
Commingled with the gloom of imminent war,  
The shadow of his loss moved like eclipse,  
Darkening the world. We have lost him: he is gone:  
We know him now: all narrow jealousies  
Are silent; and we see him as he moved,  
How modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd, wise,  
With what sublime repression of himself,  
And in what limits, and how tenderly;  
Not swaying to this faction or to that;  
Not making his high place the lawless perch  
Of wing'd ambitions, not a vantage ground  
For pleasure; but thro' all this tract of years  
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,  
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,  
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,  
And blackens every blot: for where is he  
Who dares foreshadow for an only son  
A lovelier life, a more unstained, than his?  
Or how should England, dreaming of *his* sons,  
Hope more for these than some inheritance  
Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,  
Thou noble father of her Kings to be,  
Laborious for her people and her poor—  
Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day—  
Far-sighted summoner of war and waste  
To fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace—  
Sweet nature gilded by the gracious gleam  
Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,  
Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed,  
Beyond all titles, and a household name,  
Hereafter, through all times, Albert the Good.

Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;  
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,  
Remembering all the beauty of that star  
Which shone so close beside thee, that ye made  
One light together, but has past and left  
The Crown a lonely splendour.

May all love,  
His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee,  
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,  
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,  
The love of all thy people comfort thee,  
Till God's love set thee at his side again.







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